

THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, JANUARY 1, 1870.

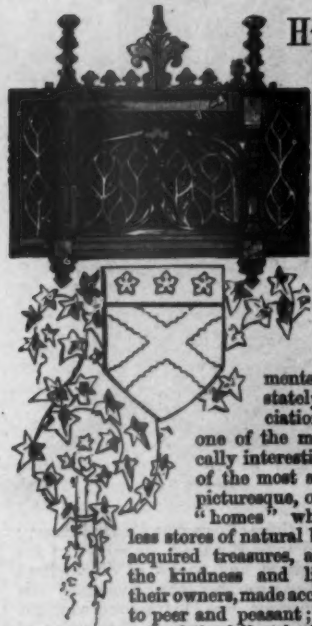
THE
STATELY HOMES OF ENGLAND.
(OCCASIONALLY OPEN TO THE PEOPLE.)

"The stately homes of England,
How beautiful they stand,
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land."

HERMANS.

By S. C. HALL, F.S.A.
THE ANTIQUARIAN NOTES AND DETAILS
By LLEWELLYN JEWITT, F.S.A.

HARDWICK HALL.*



HARDWICK HALL may take rank among the more stately of the "homes of England:" stately in its outer aspect, stately in its antique furniture and its interior fittings and appointments, and truly stately in its associations. It is one of the most historically interesting, and one of the most singular and picturesque, of the many "homes" whose countless stores of natural beauties and acquired treasures, are, through the kindness and liberality of their owners, made accessible alike to peer and peasant; while it is one of the fullest in its historical associations, and in its power of

carrying the mind of the visitor back through a long vista of years to those stirring times when "Good Queen Bess," the strong-minded and strong-headed "master" of its noble owner, sat on the throne of England. Hardwick and its surroundings belong essentially to those times, and to the people who moved prominently in them: the very furniture we see to-day, pertains to that eventful era—for not only is the building itself of the period to which we refer, but so are even the "fittings;" the beds—for here is the very bed used by Mary, Queen of Scots, and covered with needlework, the work of her own fair hands; the tables around at which sat "Bess of Hardwick" with her historic family and brilliant friends; the tapestry is

* We are indebted to Mr. Richard Keene, an eminent photographer of Derby, for the photographs from which our engravings are made. We had the companionship of that gentleman to Hardwick, and his very zealous assistance in arranging our agreeable task; rendered pleasant as well as easy by his Grace the Duke of Devonshire and his courteous representative at the Hall. The engravings are all by Mr. G. P. Nicholls, drawn on the wood by Mr. Walter J. Allen.

that which then hung around them, and on which the eyes of royalty and nobility have rested and "feasted with admiration;" the screens, the chairs, the couches,—nay, almost all the objects that meet the eye are of those stirring times, and have about them an historic air which seems irresistibly to subdue the mind and to expand the thoughts of the visitor.

Even a glance at the graces and beauties of Derbyshire would demand far greater space than we can accord to them: for it is the shire of all the English shires in which natural beauties are most happily combined with cultivated graces; hill and dale alternate at every mile; rich valleys, through which run fertilising rivers, shut in by mountain rocks, tree-clad from base to summit; singular peaks, that seem as if not formed by Nature, but the work of giant hands; delicious dells, where rivulets sing perpetually, and myriad birds rejoice in spring or summer. Other counties may be more sublimely grand, and others more abundantly fertile, but there is none so truly rich in the picturesque; whether of distant views or of by-paths up hill-sides, or through lanes clothed in perpetual verdure.

And then its history, a page of which may be read at every turn: the Celt, the Roman, the Saxon, the Dane, the Norman, all the "peoples and nations" that have made Britain their home, have left in this shire enduring evidence of possession and progress; and many of its customs remain unchanged, not only

since the beacons were lit on Blakelaw or on Bruncliffe, but since the Bael fires were burning on Axe-Edge or Chalmorton.

Proofs of a milder occupancy, too, are to be found in abundance. Nowhere are peaceful "Halls" more numerous—remains of prosperous epochs: Haddon, of an early date; Wingfield and Hardwick, of a later period; Chatsworth, of a time comparatively recent; and Kedleston, of an age scarce removed from living memory,—are but a few of the many that glorify this beautiful shire. No wonder, therefore, that it is the county of all others to which the tourist is most frequently attracted.

Surrounded on all sides by charming scenery, and the richest and most abundant land, Hardwick stands in all its majesty and grace, and forms—both in the distance, when a first glimpse of its bold outline is gained from Brackenfield or other heights, or when viewed from nearer points—a striking feature in the landscape. When approached from one of the great centres of Derbyshire tourists, Matlock, the drive is of peculiar interest, and may be, with profit to the future visitor, briefly described. Leaving Matlock by way of Matlock Bridge, the road passes through what is called Matlock Town, whose picturesque church is seen overtopping the rocks to the right, where the graceful bend of the river Derwent adds its beauties to the scene; thence passing along the roadway, Riber—an



HARDWICK: WITH THE ENTRANCE GATEWAY.

immense and very steep hill—rises to the right, and will be noticed as surmounted by the massive modern erection of Riber Castle, the residence of Mr. Smedley, the hydropathist. The road continues by Tansley, with its church, its mills, and its pretty dales; Tansley, or De-thick, Moor, a wild unclaimed tract of moorland, purple with heather and untrammelled with fences; Washington, with its village-green, its stocks, and its duck-ponds; Higham, a picturesque village with an ancient cross; Shirland with its fine monuments, some of which are of remarkable character and full of interest; Morton, with its pretty church and charming cottages; for a short distance the coal district with their pits and shafts and ever-creaking engines; Pilsley and its pleasant lanes; Hardstoft and Deeplane, to the lower entrance to the Park: through these and other places of deep and varied interest we go, until we reach the Hardwick Inn—a pretty house of entertain-

* On our visit to Shirland, the sexton accompanied us through the church, and from him we ascertained the startling fact, that although he had been born in the village, and although his father and grandfather before him had held the office of sexton, in succession, he had never seen the *rector of the parish!* From others in the village, we ascertained that the reverend gentleman had never been near his church for, at any rate, thirty years, and had never preached there. Such a dismal fact requires no comment. But a time is surely near at hand when the heads of the Church of England must cease to tolerate so gross an instance of desertion of duty: the living is in the diocese of Lichfield.

ment close to the entrance to the Park, from which a winding ascent of less than a mile leads to the Hall. By this route some curious transitions from the lead-mining district to that of coal, and from the limestone to the sandstone, with their varied scenery and their diversified aspects, will be noticed; and Derbyshire, rich both in minerals beneath the surface and in land on its face, as well as in rock, and tree, and wood, and hill, will be seen to great advantage. From Chesterfield, too, the road is beautiful; and the visitor may make a delightful "day's round" by driving direct to Hardwick by way of Temple Normanton; Heath, with its truly picturesque and interesting church and parsonage; Ault Hucknall, in the church of which are many monuments of the Cavendish family, and where lies buried that sometime "world's wonder," "Hobbes of Malmesbury;" thence through the lodge-gates and down the fine old deer-park to the Hall, and then returning by way of Bolsover Castle, a magnificent old building, the former residence of the Cavendishes, Earls and Dukes of Newcastle, and rendered famous in the Duke of Newcastle's work on horsemanship, 1668, and now for many years the residence of Mrs. Hamilton Gray, the authoress of "Etruria." But from whatever side Hardwick is ap-

* As this is the parish church of Hardwick we shall presently give to it the attention it demands.



proached, the land is full of beauty, and rich in the picturesque.

Hardwick Hall is one of the many princely seats—Chatsworth, Bolton Abbey, Lismore Castle, Holker Hall, and Devonshire House, being among the others—of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, in which resides the duke's eldest son and heir, the Marquis of Hartington, M.P., her Majesty's Postmaster-General. It is distant from London about 140 miles, from Derby 20 miles, from Chesterfield 9, and from Matlock 16 miles, and these are perhaps the more general routes by which visitors will proceed. Whatever road is taken, they will find natural beauties in abundance greeting the eye at every mile of a delicious journey.

Before we describe the venerable Hall, we give a brief history of the noble family to which it now belongs, reserving that of its predecessors for our next chapter.

The family of Cavendish, of which his Grace the present Duke of Devonshire, K.G., Lord Lieutenant of the county of Derby, is the representative, traces back to the Conquest, when Robert de Gernon came over with the Conqueror, and so distinguished himself in arms that he was rewarded with considerable grants of land in Hertfordshire, Gloucestershire, &c. His descendants held considerable land in Derbyshire; and Sir William Gernon, who was one of the witnesses to a confirmation charter of Henry III. to Basingdale priory, obtained a grant of a Fair at Bakewell, in that county. He had two sons, Sir Ralph de Gernon, lord of Bakewell, and Geoffrey de Gernon, of Moor Hall, near Bakewell. From the second of these, Geoffrey de Gernon, the Cavendishes are descended. His son, Roger de Gernon (who died 1334), married the heiress of John Potton, or Potkins, Lord of the Manor of Cavendish, in Suffolk, and by her had issue, four sons, who all assumed the name of Cavendish from their mother's manor. These were Sir John Cavendish, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, in the time of Edward III., Chancellor of Cambridge, 4th of Richard II.; he was beheaded by the insurgents of Suffolk in that reign; Roger Cavendish, from whom descended the celebrated navigator, Sir Thomas Cavendish; Stephen Cavendish, Lord Mayor, member of Parliament, and Sheriff of London; and Richard Cavendish. Sir John married Alice, daughter of Sir John Odyngesles, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, who brought to her husband the manor of Cavendish Overhall, and by her, who died before him, had issue, two sons, Andrew and John, and a daughter, Alice, married to William Nell. Sir Andrew Cavendish, the eldest son, was Sheriff of Norfolk and Suffolk. By his wife, Rose, he left issue, one son, William, from whom the estates passed to his cousin. Sir Andrew was succeeded by his brother, Sir John Cavendish, Esquire of the Body to Richard II. and Henry V., who, for his gallant conduct in killing the rebel, Wat Tyler, in his conflict with Sir William Walworth, was knighted by Richard II. in Smithfield, and an annuity of £40 per annum granted to him and his sons for ever. He was also made broiderer of the wardrobe to the king. He married Joan, daughter of Sir William Clopton, of Clopton, in Suffolk; and by her had issue, three sons, William, his successor; Robert, Serjeant-at-Law; and Walter. William Cavendish, who was a citizen and mercer of London, and of Cavendish Overhall, married Joan Stavenon, by whom he had two sons, Thomas and William. This Thomas Cavendish, who was of Cavendish and Pollingford, in Suffolk, married Katherine Scudamore, and left by her, as son and heir, Sir Thomas Cavendish, who, having studied the law, was employed by Thomas, Earl of Surrey, Treasurer of the King's Exchequer. He was also Clerk of the Pipe in the Exchequer to Henry VIII.—the office of the Clerk of the Pipe being to make out leases of crown lands, accounts of the sheriffs, &c. He married twice, and left, by his first wife, Alice, daughter and co-heir of John Smith, of Podbrooke Hall, besides other issue, three sons, George Cavendish, Sir William Cavendish, and Sir Thomas Cavendish.

George Cavendish, the eldest of these three sons was of Glensford, and Cavendish Overhall, and is said to have been the author of "Cavendish's Life of Wolsey," although the authorship of that work is also attributed to his brother Sir William Cavendish: he received a liberal education, and was endowed by his father with considerable landed property in Suffolk. His character and learning seem to have recommended him to the special notice of Cardinal Wolsey, who "took him to be about his own person, as gentleman usher of his chamber, and placed a special confidence in him." George Cavendish was succeeded by his son William; the latter was succeeded by his son William, who passed away the manor of Cavendish Overhall to William Downes.

Sir Thomas Cavendish was one of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, and died unmarried.

Sir William Cavendish, the second son of the first Sir Thomas, became the founder of several noble families. He was married three times: first to a daughter of Edward Bostock, of Whatcress in Cheshire; secondly, to a daughter of Sir Thomas Conyngeby, and widow of William Paris; and thirdly, to Elizabeth, daughter of John Hardwick, of Hardwick, and widow of Robert Barley, of Barley. He was "a man of learning and business," and was much employed in important affairs by his sovereigns; filling the posts of Treasurer of the Chamber and Privy

Councillor to Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Mary. At the suppression of the religious houses under Henry VIII., he was "appointed one of the commissioners for visiting them, and afterwards was made one of the auditors of the Court of Augmentation," which was instituted for the purpose of augmenting the revenues by the suppression of the monasteries; for his services he received three valuable manors in Hertfordshire which, later on, he exchanged for other lands in Derbyshire and other counties. He was also knighted by Henry VIII. By his first wife he had issue, one son and two daughters who died young, and two other daughters, one of whom, Catherine, married Sir Thomas Brooke, son of Lord Cobham, and Anne, who married Sir Henry Baynton. By his second wife he had three daughters who all died young, and she herself died in child-birth. By his third marriage with "Bess of Hardwick" he had a numerous family, viz.:—Henry Cavendish, of Tutbury (ancestor of Lord Waterpark), member of Parliament for Derbyshire, who married Grace, daughter of George, Earl of Shrewsbury, but died without lawful issue; Sir William Cavendish, created Earl of Devonshire, of whom hereafter; Sir Charles Cavendish, of Bolsover Castle and of Welbeck Abbey (whose son, William Cavendish, by his first wife, was created Duke, Marquis, and Earl of Newcastle, Baron Ogle, Baron Cavendish, of Bol-



HARDWICK: THE WEST FRONT.

sover, Viscount Mansfield, K.G., Commander-in-Chief, &c., &c., and was the author of the splendid work on Horsemanship, &c., and whose life was charmingly written by his wife, Margaret Lucas, Maid of Honour to Queen Henrietta, ancestor of the Dukes of Newcastle, Portland, &c.; Frances, married to Sir Henry Pierrepont, ancestor to the Dukes of Kingston; Elizabeth, married to Charles Stuart, Duke of Lennox (younger brother of Lord Darnley, the husband of Mary, Queen of Scots, and father of King James I.), the issue of which marriage was the sadly unfortunate lady, Arabella Stuart; and Mary, married to Gilbert, Earl of Shrewsbury.

Sir William Cavendish was created Baron Cavendish, of Hardwick, and Earl of Devonshire, by King James I., "at which time of his creation, his majesty stood under a cloth of state in the hall at Greenwich, accompanied with the princes, his children, the Duke of Holstein, the Duke of Lennox, and the greatest part of the nobility, both of England and Scotland." His lordship was one of the first adventurers who settled a colony and plantation in Virginia, and on the discovery of the Bermuda Islands, he and others had a grant of them from the king, one of the cantons being called after him. He married twice—his first wife being Anne, daughter of Henry Kighley, of Kighley, by whom he had issue, besides William, his successor, Gilbert, who died without issue; Frances, wife of Lord

Maynard; and three others, who died in infancy: by his second wife, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Edward Boughton, and widow of Sir Richard Wortley, he had a son, Sir John Cavendish. His lordship's successor was his second son, Sir William (who had been under the tuition of Thomas Hobbes, of whom more will be said in another chapter); he married Christian, only daughter of Edward, Lord Bruce, of Kinloss, a kinswoman of the king, "who gave her, with his own hand, and made her fortune ten thousand pounds." By her he had three sons and one daughter, viz.:—William, his successor; Charles, who was Lieutenant-General of Horse to his cousin the Earl of Newcastle, and was slain at Gatesborough; Henry, who died young; and Anne, wife of Lord Rich, eldest son of the Earl of Warwick.

William Cavendish, third Earl of Devonshire, was only ten years of age when his father died, and he was placed, as we have just said, under the care of Hobbes, who travelled and remained with him, and was, for the rest of his life, supported by the earl's family. The earl married Elizabeth Cecil, daughter of the Earl of Salisbury, by whom he had two sons, William (who succeeded him), Charles, and one daughter. William, fourth Earl of Devonshire, before succeeding to the title, sat in the Long Parliament for Derbyshire, and, as a youth, he was one of the train-bearers to the king at his coronation. He was among the principal

persons who brought about the "Glorious Revolution" of 1688, and the placing of William III. on the throne. He married Mary, daughter of the Duke of Ormonde, and had issue by her, William, his successor; Henry, James, and Elisabeth. His lordship was the re-builder of Chatsworth, and was by William III. advanced to the dignity of Marquis of Hartington and Duke of Devonshire. He was succeeded in his titles and estates by his son. His grace died in 1707, and his funeral sermon, preached by White Kennett, Bishop of Peterborough, has been many times printed, and is attached to the memoirs of the family of Cavendish by that prelate.

William Cavendish, second Duke and fifth Earl of Devonshire, was Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard, and succeeded to all his father's appointments, among which were Lord Steward of the Household, Privy Councillor, Lord Warden and Chief Justice in Eyre of all places north of the Trent, Lord-Lieutenant, K.G.; he was also constituted one of the regents of the kingdom. He married Rachel, daughter of William Lord Russell, and by her had issue, with several others, his successor, William, who became third Duke of Devonshire, and married Catherine, heiress of John Hoskins, by whom he had a numerous family. His grace held many important posts in the State; among which were those of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Lieutenant of Derbyshire, Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal, Lord Steward of the Household, and Lord Justiceship for the administration of government during his majesty's absence. He was succeeded by his son—

William, fourth Duke of Devonshire, who was, during his father's lifetime, called to the Upper House by his title, hitherto of courtesy, of Marquis of Hartington. He was appointed Master of the Horse and a Privy Councillor. In 1764 he was one of the Lords of the Regency, and Governor of the County of Cork; in the following year he was Lord High Treasurer of Ireland; and in 1766 was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and First Commissioner of the Treasury. In 1767 he was Chamberlain of the Household to the king, and held, besides, many other offices. His grace married Charlotte, daughter, and ultimately heiress, of Richard Boyle, Earl of Burlington and Cork, by which union—the lady being Baroness Clifford in her own right—the Barony of Clifford came into the Cavendish family. By this issue he had three sons and one daughter, viz.:—William, who succeeded him; Richard, who died unmarried; George Augustus Henry, created Earl of Burlington, from whom the present noble representative of the House of Cavendish, the seventh Duke of Devonshire, is descended; and Dorothy, married to the Duke of Portland.

William, fifth Duke of Devonshire, the eldest son of the last named peer, was married twice: first, to the Lady Georgiana, daughter of Earl Spencer, one of the most accomplished and elegant women of the time, and who is perhaps better known as "The Beautiful Duchess" than by any other; and, secondly, to Lady Elisabeth Forster, daughter of the Earl of Bristol, and widow of John Thomas Forster, Esq. By the "Beautiful Duchess" his grace had issue, one son, William Spencer Cavendish, who succeeded him, and two daughters: Georgiana, married to the Earl of Carlisle; and Harriet Elisabeth, married to Earl Granville. On his death, in 1811, the title and estates passed to his only son—

William Spencer Cavendish, sixth Duke and ninth Earl of Devonshire, one of the most liberal-minded of men and one of the most genuine patrons of Art and Literature. His grace, whose career earned for him the proud title of "The good Duke"—a title which, with all his others, has descended to his successor—was born in Paris in 1790, and besides holding office as Lord High Chamberlain, &c., went in a style of more than princely splendour on an embassy to Russia from the British Court, and so conducted that important mission as to gain exceeding distinction and general applause. His Grace, who never married, died in 1858, and was succeeded in his titles and estates—with the exception of the Barony of Clifford, which fell in abeyance between his sisters—by his second

cousin, the present noble peer, who, as we have said, was grandson to the first Earl of Burlington, brother to the fifth duke.

The present peer, William Cavendish, Duke of Devonshire, Marquis of Hartington, Earl of Devonshire, Earl of Burlington, Baron Cavendish of Hardwick, Baron Cavendish of Keighley, &c., &c., K.G., LL.D., F.R.S., Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the County of Derby, Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, Steward of the Borough of Derby, &c., &c.,

was born in 1808, and was educated at Eton, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated as M.A., and was Second Wrangler, Senior Smith's Prizeman, and in the first class of the Classical Tripos, 1829. In the same year he became M.P. for the University of Cambridge, which he held until 1831, when he was returned for Malton, and afterwards for North Derbyshire, for which constituency he sat until he succeeded his father as Earl of Burlington, in 1834. In 1866 he was made Lord Lieutenant



HARDWICK: THE GREAT HALL.

of Lancashire, a post he held until 1858, when, on attaining to the Dukedom of Devonshire, he was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Derbyshire. From 1836 to 1856 he was Chancellor of the University of London, and he has held, and still holds, several other important offices. In 1829 his Grace, then Mr. Cavendish, married his cousin, the Lady Blanche Georgiana Howard, fourth daughter of George, sixth Earl of Carlisle, by the Lady Georgiana Dorothy Cavendish, daughter of the fifth Duke of Devonshire.

By this truly estimable lady, who died in 1840, his Grace had surviving issue, three sons and one daughter, viz.:—Spencer Compton Cavendish, Marquis of Hartington; Lord Frederick Charles Cavendish, M.P. for the West Riding of Yorkshire, married to the Hon. Lucy Caroline, daughter of Baron Lyttleton; Lord Edward Cavendish, late M.P. for East Sussex, married to Emma, daughter of the late Hon. William Lascelles; and the Lady Louisa Cavendish, married to Captain the Hon. Francis



HARDWICK: THE GRAND STAIRCASE.

Egerton, M.P. for East Derbyshire, brother to the late, and uncle to the present, Earl of Ellesmere.

The Marquis of Hartington, the heir to the titles and estates, was born in 1833, and was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated as B.A. in 1852, M.A. in 1854, and LL.D. in 1862. He is a Privy Councillor, and was Lord of the Admiralty in 1863, Under Secretary of State for War from 1863 to 1866, and Secretary of State for War in 1866. He was attached to Lord Granville's special mission

to Russia in 1856, and has filled many important posts. His lordship, who is unmarried, is M.P. for Radnor, and is now Postmaster-General.

Lord George Henry Cavendish, only surviving brother to the Duke of Devonshire, is M.P. for North Derbyshire, which constituency he has represented since the year 1834. He married in 1835 the Lady Louisa, daughter of the Earl of Harewood.

His Grace is patron of thirty-nine livings, and in Derbyshire alone is Lord of the Manor of forty-six places.

The arms of the duke are—*Sable*, three harts' heads, cabossed, *argent*, attired *or*. Crest, a serpent, noued *proper*. Supporters, two bucks, *proper*, each wreathed round the neck with a chaplet of roses, alternately *argent* and *azure*.

We now, for the present, leave the genealogical part of our story to turn to the attractions of the interior of the Hall. Of the exterior and of the old hall and their surroundings we shall speak later on.

Passing through the entrance gateway, shown in the first of our illustrations, the visitor to Hardwick will see before him, across the quadrangular space laid out in magnificent flower-beds in the pure Elizabethan style—the most striking feature of which are two immense beds, one on either side the central pathway, formed in the shape of the letters E and S, the initials of Elizabeth, Countess of Shrewsbury—in all its grandeur, the principal front of the Hall, which bears out to the full the truth of the common saying—

"Hardwick Hall,
More glass than wall."

The house is in reality "all windows," and has a peculiarity of appearance possessed by no other existing mansion. Passing under the colonnade, seen in the centre of the building in our second illustration, the visitor arrives at the entrance door, and will, before entering, do well to glance at an inscription, now nearly defaced, on one of the pillars:—

"Hic locus est quem et verbis audacia detur
Haud meum magni dixisse palatia coli,"

which may be thus freely rendered:—

"Could any adventurous muse these portals sing,
No more to Heaven's gate her flight she'd wing."

The GREAT HALL, which is first entered, is of considerable magnitude, and very lofty, taking in the whole height of two stories of the noble building. Its lower part is wainscoted; its upper, hung with fine Gobelin tapestry. Along one side stands an enormous and massive oak table, and carved chairs and seats in abundance are ranged around the room. Over the entrance end a spacious gallery, supported on pillars, leads from the dining-room to the drawing-room, on the first floor; and at the opposite end is a charming piece of sculpture, a full-length statue of Mary, Queen of Scots, by Westmacott, with the inscription—

Maria Scotorum Regina
Nata 1542
A suis in exilium acta 1568
Ab hospita neci data 1587.

On the wall over this is a large and very curious cartoon full-length figure of Henry VIII. On the wainscot and in different parts of the hall are some fine antlers, a series of helmets and breastplates, and other relics; while over the fire-place, which is of great size and beauty, and has its original brass fire-dogs, are the arms of the foundress of the house, Elizabeth (Hardwick), Countess of Shrewsbury, of gigantic size, in raised plaster-work. Some remarks here seem requisite concerning the heraldry of the place. The arms represented in the great hall, and shown in our engraving of that splendid apartment, are *argent*, a saltire, engrailed, *azure*; on a chief of the second three cinquefoils of the field. These, which are in a lozenge-shaped shield, are surmounted by an earl's coronet, and have for supporters, two stags, *proper*, each gorged with a chaplet of roses, *argent*, between two bars *azure*. The arms are those of Hardwick of Hardwick, the maiden name of the Countess; the supporters, which she had no right to assume, the family of Hardwick not being entitled to any, were assumed from the crest of that family, which, with a slight variation, formed those granted to her son, the first Baron Cavendish, of Hardwick, and Earl of Devonshire. The coronet is, of course, hers as Countess of Shrewsbury, the hall being built during the latter part of the life of her fourth husband, the Earl of Shrewsbury, and in the first nine years of her fourth widowhood. From the Great Hall a wide passage to the right leads to the grand staircase, the muniment-room, the sitting and other rooms on the ground-floor, and, to the left, to the kitchens and offices, and to another staircase. Ascending these massive stone stairs hung with framed pieces of needlework and with curious old paintings, some of which are dated 1576, and

were principally brought from the old hall, an open oak screen-work on the landing opens into

THE CHAPEL. In this truly interesting little room, the walls are notable for being partly hung with painted tapestry of extremely good character, and the only examples in the house. On the ceiling is a fine piece of tapestry, representing our Lord, with two of His disciples, blessing the bread. The pulpit is dressed with some of the earliest embroidery—portions of a cope, &c.; and on the rails hangs a very rich

and curious altar-cloth, 30 feet long, with figures of saints under canopies, wrought in very rich and early needlework. The chapel is shown in one of our illustrations. On the landing hangs a remarkably curious lantern.

Opposite to the chapel, a doorway opens into the DINING-ROOM, a noble apartment, the lower part of the walls being wainscoted, and the upper hung with a number of family portraits, amongst which are an interesting painting of "Bea of Hardwick," with this inscription upon



HARDWICK: THE CHAPEL.

it:—"Elizabeth Hardwick, daughter and co-heir of John Hardwick, of Hardwick, in the county of Derby. To her second husband, Sir William Cavendish, of Chatsworth, in the same county. She settled her third son, Sir Charles Cavendish, at Welbeck, in the county of Nottingham." Other portraits are those of her husband, Sir William Cavendish, at the age of forty-four; "the Beautiful Duchess," Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire; the late

Duke of Devonshire; Lord George Cavendish, second son of the third duke, known as "Truth and Daylight," &c., &c. Over the fire-place is a fine specimen of parget-work, a kind of plaster-stone, with figures, &c., and in the centre the inscription, "The conclusion of all things is to feare God and keepe his Commandementes," and the conjoined initials E.S. with the date 1597. The large recess of this room is converted into a billiard-room.



HARDWICK: MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS' ROOM.

THE CUT-VELVET ROOM, leading from the dining-room, is a noble apartment, hung with tapestry, and containing a stately bed with plumes. Over the fire-place, in parget-work, as in other rooms, is a series of armorial bearings, among which again occur the arms of Hardwick, with supporters and coronet. Adjoining this is a charming dressing-room, hung with the most exquisite needlework in silk. Passing down the minstrel's gallery from the dining-room to the drawing-room, some fine

specimens of needlework, by the Countess of Shrewsbury, and by Mary, Queen of Scots, are carefully preserved in frames.

THE DRAWING-ROOM is a large well-proportioned apartment, the lower part of the walls wainscoted, and the upper hung with fine old tapestry, representing the story of Esther and Ahasuerus. Over the fire-place are the arms of Hardwick, with quarterings in a lozenge shield, supporters, and coronet. Among the paintings will be specially noticed a fine portrait

of Arabella Stuart, several portraits by Holbein, and others of Henry VII. and VIII., Edward VI., &c., &c. There are, also, some curious pieces of needlework, framed.

From the drawing-room the DUKE'S BED-ROOM, and other apartments, are reached. This room, so called because it is the room occupied by the late Duke of Devonshire, and in which he died, is a splendid apartment, hung with tapestry representing scriptural subjects. Over the fire-place, which has large carved figures in stone on either side, is a fine piece of parget-work surrounding a painting. On the bed a curious needle-work counterpane invites attention. The dressing-room adjoining is one of the most interesting in the house. It is hung with silk needlework tapestry of the finest and most choice character, one piece of which bears the date of 1574. There are also paintings of the entombment of our Saviour, and of the Annunciation, with the arms, in tapestry, of the Cavendishes, Talbots, and others. Near this room is the bed-room occupied, on his occasional visits to Hardwick, by the present duke, on the tapestry of which cupids are represented playing at mall—the progenitor, apparently, of our modern croquet. Near this, too, is the Marquis of Hartington's room, in which are several interesting coats of arms in parget-work, including the bearings of Hardwick, Cavendish, Talbot, and others. Returning through the drawing-room, the visitor next passes out to the GRAND STAIRCASE, of which we give an engraving. Near the drawing-room door will be noticed a fine old chest, said to have belonged to the Earl of Shrewsbury. The staircase is hung with some of the finest tapestry which any house can boast. One portion represents a classical story; the boar-hunts and similar subjects are fine, and powerful in the extreme. On the second landing is an interesting inlaid table with the arms of Hardwick impaling Talbot, and on the wall by it hangs some of the oldest tapestry in the house. Continuing up the staircase, with tapestry on either side, the state-rooms are approached. The entrance is by a doorway surmounted by the Hardwick arms, over which is the most gorgeously fine piece of tapestry, representing Juno. On the door a marvellously beautiful lock is still preserved. It, with the arms of Hardwick, supplies our initial letter. This door opens into the

PRESENCE-CHAMBER, State-Room, or Audience-Room, as it is variously called. This splendid apartment, which is 65 feet long, 33 feet wide, and 26 feet in height, is one of the finest proportioned and most imposing in appearance even in this perfect house. The upper portion of the walls of this magnificent chamber is covered with parget-work in high coloured-relief, representing hunting scenes, Orpheus, and the court of Diana. Below this, for full 16 feet in height, the walls are hung with tapestry of the finest character.

Over the fire-place of this room are the arms and supporters of Queen Elizabeth, in coloured relief parget-work. The furniture is remarkably fine, as will be seen from our engraving of this room; at the north end is a majestic canopy, decorated in minute needlework with figures of the cardinal virtues, "Verecundia," "Prudentia," "Sobrietas," &c., alternating with monograms and arms of the family. Under the canopy is a state-chair; and in front, one of the most curious and interesting tables in existence. It is of large size, and elaborately inlaid over the entire surface of its top with musical instruments of various kinds, backgammon and chess boards, cards, and various games, foliage and other devices. In its centre is a tablet with the quaint inscription:—

THE REDOLENT SMILE
OF EUGENTYNE
WE STAGGES EXAVIT
TO THE DEVEYNE.

The "stagges" being, no doubt, the stags of the Hardwick arms. On each side of the tablet are the arms of Hardwick and Talbot impaled, &c. From this room a doorway in the tapestry opens into the picture-gallery, and another at the north end leads into the LIBRARY, over the chimney-piece of which is a splendid piece of sculpture, Apollo and the Muses; over the figures on one side are the arms of Queen

Elizabeth, and on the other her initials, E. R., in a knot, and crowned. This fine group, found not many years ago in a case in one of the servants' rooms at Chataworth, is supposed to have been presented to the countess by Queen Elizabeth, and it has, therefore, been most appropriately brought and placed in its present position. In this room, among other interesting pictures, is a portrait of James V. of Scotland, when very young; it belonged to Queen Mary, and was taken with her from place to place.

Passing through the library and the GREEN BED-ROOM, where the majestic state-bed and the tapestry are sure to excite attention, one of the most interesting little rooms in the whole building is gained:—

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS' ROOM—a room which, it appears to us, the Countess of Shrewsbury prepared expressly for the reception of the furniture used by the truly unfortunate captive who had for so many years been a prisoner in charge of her and her husband, and



HARDWICK: THE PRESENCE-CHAMBER.

in which, when finished, she placed her bed and other furniture, so as to preserve them as precious relics. On the panels of the wainscoting of the room are the initials of the countess, E.S., with the coronet and the date 1599; and on the door the same date twice occurs. The woodwork is "tricked" in arabesque patterns; over the door, on the interior side, are carved the royal arms of Scotland, with the order of St. Andrew, supporters, crown, &c.,

and the letters M.S., and the motto, IN MY DE' FENS. Around the whole is the inscription, MARIE STEWART. PAR LA GRACE, DE DIEU ROYNE DE SCOSSSE DOVARIERE DE FRANCE. Over the fire-place, in parget-work, are the arms of Hardwick in lozenge, with coronet and supporters; the arms of Hardwick impaling Leake; and those of Cavendish, with a crescent for difference, impaling argent a fesse gules. The bed—the very one in which the poor



HARDWICK: THE PICTURE-GALLERY.

queen lay during a part of her captivity—is adorned with the work of her own hands, bearing her monogram. The counterpane, too, is an elaborate piece of needlework, said to be her own work; and some of the furniture is of the same period. We have engraved this historically interesting room as one of our illustrations.

Near this is the BLUE BED-ROOM, hung with tapestry, and containing a noble bed, hung with

blue, to which needlework by Christian Bruce, Countess of Devonshire, has been transferred with much judgment and care. Over the chimney-piece is the 'Marriage of Tobias.' Other bed-rooms adjoin, which it is not necessary to notice.

The PICTURE-GALLERY, the "great glory" of Hardwick, occupies the entire length of the building from north to south, on the upper floor of its eastern front. Its length is 170 feet,

and its width 40 feet, including the recessed windows; its height being 26 feet. The walls of this superb gallery are hung with the finest tapestry, almost hidden, however, by the magnificent assemblage of portraits with which it is, as will be seen from our engraving, literally covered. The tapestry here is, as has been said, remarkably fine, and is very early, some of it bearing the date of 1478. It was brought from the old mansion and from Chatsworth. The gallery is lit by eighteen enormous windows, each 20 feet in height, on its eastern side, which is deeply recessed. In the centre of this side is a gorgeous canopy over the state seat, bearing the monogram of W.D., with a coronet; and on the western side are two gigantic chimney-pieces, reaching from the floor to the cornice, composed of Derbyshire black marble, alabaster, and other marbles, one bearing in the centre of its upper height a finely sculptured figure of Pity, and the other that of Justice. They are said to be the work of "Stephens, a Flemish sculptor, or of Valerio Vicentino." The ceiling is of geometric design, in raised plaster-work; it gives that finish to the room which is wanting in others of the apartments. The upper portion of the walls, above the wainscoting and arras, is worked in panels and festoons.

The furniture is of the most costly and curious character, and in perfect preservation. Much of it, indeed, belongs to the time, or to a time not much later, when the house was constructed, and indicates the artistic feeling and manual dexterity of the founders. Here are beds of state, with their curtains of black and silver; Venetian velvets and damaskones; "cloth of Raynes to sleep on softe," and hangings "raied with gold;" hard cushions of blue baudekyn; high-seated chairs, covered with samit and powdered with flowers, yet most uncomfortable for use; screens of crimson velvet, covered with patterns worked in silver wires; couches, every portion of which is thickly overlaid with threads of silver and of gold; tables with legs twisted and turned about in the most picturesque manner; fire-dogs of gorgeous description; and a magnificent giant-glass, with the arms of Devonshire impaling Ormonde—these are among the beauties which greet the eye at every turn in its progress through Hardwick.

As we said at the commencement of this chapter, there is no place so likely as Hardwick to carry the mind back to those times which we have indicated and to which it belongs. One is unresistingly and forcibly carried by the imagination back to the time of Elizabeth, and while pacing along through these rooms, we are led, "in the mind's eye," to people them with the forms of those who lived and moved and had their being within its walls.

To the paintings in the picture-gallery and those scattered through the several rooms, the dining-room more especially, we can but make slight reference. They count some hundreds of the finest and most historically-interesting portraits of which any mansion can boast. To enumerate them would occupy a dozen of our pages: we must, therefore, be content to say that among them are original portraits of Queen Elizabeth; of Mary, Queen of Scots; of Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia; of Arabella Stuart; of the founders of the building, "Bess of Hardwick," afterwards Countess of Shrewsbury; of Kings Henry VII. and Henry VIII.; of Georgiana, the "Beautiful Duchess" of Devonshire; of Robert Boyle, the philosopher; of the seventh and unfortunate Earl of Derby; of Lord Treasurer Burleigh; and of most of the noted men of the time; of numerous celebrities of the Cavendish family and their alliances; and of Thomas Hobbes—"Leviathan" Hobbes, or "Hobbes of Malmesbury," as he is called—who lived and died at Hardwick.

From the leads of Hardwick Hall, which are gained by a spacious staircase, the upper rooms of the towers are reached, and a magnificent view of the surrounding country is obtained.

We shall resume in our next chapter the histories of this interesting building, its earliest owners, and of its builder, "Bess of Hardwick;" and shall also give some account of the venerable ruins adjoining it, and of Ault Hucknall in its immediate neighbourhood.

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE COLLECTION OF GILES REDMAYNE, ESQ.

PRIMROSE GATHERERS.

Birket Foster, Painter. C. Collier, Engraver.

WHATEVER reputation—and this was justifiably great—Mr. Birket Foster enjoyed when he was chiefly known as an illustrator of books, has been immeasurably increased since he exchanged the simple black-lead pencil he used on the wood-block for the camel-hair "tools" and the box of colours. We miss him much in his former capacity: there is no one among our landscape-draughtsmen to succeed him in elegance of composition, real poetic feeling, delicate and graceful touch. His designs, when well-engraved, as many, if not most, of them are, show perfect gems of scenic Art; and when he retired from this field of labour we shared in the general regret caused by his departure.

It is rare for an artist who has for a lengthened period limited himself to one implement, as the lead-pencil, and to work out his subject only in black and white, to be successful, except by long practice—and not always even then—when he comes to colours. We frequently find it to be the same, inversely, when a painter attempts to work with black or white chalk on a subject which is familiar to him only through colour. To explain our meaning more definitely, we have known engravers of pictures submit a proof of their plates to the painter of the work for the purpose of having it "touched" by him, and the result oftentimes has been, that the latter mars, rather than benefits, the engraving; and the reason is obvious: he cannot see his subject in its new aspect, his eye being filled with the colours placed on the canvas, and these he is unable to transmute—if the term may be employed—effectually into black and white. Turner, and some others, could do so well, but we have met with distinguished painters utterly at a loss to accomplish it.

Almost as soon as Mr. Birket Foster adopted water-colour painting, his drawings began to be most eagerly sought after; and now they realise larger prices, perhaps, than those of the majority of his contemporaries. He brought to bear upon his compositions all those admirable qualities which distinguish his designs in pencil, and clothed them in colours both true and beautiful; they are remarkable for delicacy of tone and extreme finish, acquired by long practice in his earlier department of Art. The great popularity of his works is evidenced by the large number of chromolithographic copies made of them, which may be seen almost by the score in the windows of nearly every printseller; we believe not always to the artist's satisfaction. To be thus reproduced is, however, a test of his popularity, and the price he is compelled to pay for it. Not a few of these copies, it may be added, are not unworthy of the originals.

The lovely drawing its owner kindly permits us to engrave here is a composition of much sweetness, even as now seen; devoid of all colour; the landscape seems to be bright with subdued sunshine, and to breathe the soft atmosphere of early spring; the young primrose-gatherers are busy at their work on the wood-side bank, filling the basket they carry with the first floral offerings of the year—the heralds of the glories which summer brings us.

THE FUTURE ART OF AMERICA.

ART is the material representation of a people's ideal, whether it be on a spiritual, intellectual, or physical basis. Hence to predicate the Art of an epoch we have first to get a clear vision of its immediate passion, or what it most covets. The basis therefore of any profound Art is in the popular religion. Whatever a man absolutely loves, that he worships, or esteems dearest to his soul. The Greeks passionately loving beauty, strength, and wisdom, made of these abstract ideals a faith, and of their ideal forms an Art. Theirs was essentially the poetical imagination; its primary and final significance being æsthetic pleasure.

Imagination equally controlled mediæval Art, which was the offspring of a love even more profound; not of present pleasure, but of future bliss. The Pagan, seeing in his earthly organization the means of realizing his ideal, strenuously sought to reach it by the cultivation of his physical powers; but the Christian, viewing the sensuous faculties as snares, put them under a ban. Stimulating his imagination by an intense belief in a delightful life beyond the grave, he projected into his Art corresponding pictures of the occupations and conditions of his future home in the heavens; and to keep the hunger and thirst of spiritual joys more acute in his soul, he let loose on his outward senses an ideal world of physical horrors, like the bottomless pit of burning torment called a hell, preaching the while with fanatical fervour, the doctrines of asceticism, as an additional safe-guard against the seductions of his material being. Though the means were so antagonistic, the ends in view of Pagan and Christian Art were similar. Each acted on a common principle of ideal happiness; but the Christian scope and application were even more one-sided and limited than the other; excluding, if it might, every element of the sensuous and sensual, it sowed the seeds of its overthrow in its own bosom. These grew up into the shapes of the spurious Renaissance that based its ideal on corrupt mundane pleasures, and human power as opposed to Divine. Both Pagan and classical mediæval Art had worshipped the god-like, as each comprehended the term, with noble effect in their respective forms of Art. Even the element of fear in the latter, as exhibited in effigies of devils and the damned, was a restricted one when compared with that of love. The beautiful ideal in the shape of angels, holy Virgins, and the bright beings that administer to the spiritual comfort and joy of men, everywhere abounded, while the pictures and plastic representations of the demon side of Christianity were comparatively sparse and rare. But when the Renaissance was degraded into a vulgar worship of man-power and an exhibition of the aristocratic ideal of tyranny and lusts, Art lost its saving grace, and became a wretched epitome of human foolishness, until the democratic spirit born of Protestantism rescued it from exclusive hands, and breathed into it new forces of life.

An ideal founded wholly on worldly ambitions and passions necessarily partakes of their transitory, material nature, and is devoted to presenting them in every possible variety as the ultimate of human desire. Its forms may be legitimate and wholesome. They are apt to be selfish, sensual, or foolish; but the moment human aspirations rise above a mundane level into an ideal atmosphere of the godlike, be it of Olympus or Paradise, it lifts Art bodily

into a more elevated sphere. However greatly the virtue of Pagan may differ from the virtue of Christian Art proper, both seek to exalt humanity by presenting to it examples of an ideal perfection, and eliminating whatever corrupts and makes a lie. We may have an agreeable Art speaking to the sensations, or an intellectual one to the mind, on the plane of the worldly ideal; but no Art can be profoundly great, beautiful, and good, unless its aspirations are stimulated by hopes and visions that have not their exact counterpart and fruition in our earthly being. In its largest sense, religion is that state of the soul which ardently craves ideal goodness, beauty, and felicity. Art that ignores it has no permanent, universal value.

Two ways present themselves of securing the spiritual happiness held in store as a compensation for trials in present life: one founded on a divine revelation of man's ideal, calling for unquestioning faith; and the other on all-sitting reason, which by means of human philosophy would subject all faiths to the scrutiny of science. Before the period of the Reformation of Luther, the spiritualistic way prevailed most. Mankind, however, were not not so much spiritual-minded, in the true acceptance of this phrase, as prone to emotional life; their passions, sentiments, and imaginations, whether superstitiously or devoutly led, being more exercised than their logical faculties. At that time profound religious feeling permeated Art; but it lost its force and gradually passed into oblivion as it was brought into contact with the growing rationalistic tendencies of the era of printed books. What Art lost in profundity and spirituality, it gained in breadth and variety, in naturalness, so to speak, on the common plane of humanity. Passing first from ecclesiastical, then from aristocratic, control, it grew more and more democratic and commercial; more domestic in its motives; more disposed to illustrate the facts of ordinary men's lives—their hopes, beliefs, passions and deeds, to adorn the plain fireside rather than palace or cathedral, to catch the passing and record the permanent truths in a realistic sense; in fine, Art under Protestant guidance became less abstract, less ideal, either as ecstatic joy or ascetic suffering, and more a thing of home life, suited to popular apprehension and tastes. The change has been a radical one, though not yet completed. Art is a condition of transition. Dogma, as a vital authority, has ceased to govern it. Then, too, the old spiritual ideal has passed away, while the new is yet unformed: so it happened to classical Art. The interregnum then, however, was one of ignorance, superstitions, and debased conceptions. Now, if we have no high Art, we possess a wholesome, pleasurable, natural, instructive one. That of the past was more restricted in knowledge, science, and ideas, though more intense and ecstatic. Its capacity for offering comfort and hope to individuals of a certain temperament or training was greater, but as a means of happiness and improvement to the masses its power was less. Yet the promise of our present Art is far beyond its actual realization. This must continue to be materialistic and unimaginative so long as it gives more stress to the outward fact than the inward life, refuses to admit the inspiration of a purified religious faith, and does not attain that just balance of thought, science, and imagination, which is needed to produce consummate work.

The spirit of our century is eminently humanitarian in contrast with all preceding.

Science is no longer made to be the enemy of religion. Theology is descending from the keeping of a caste to the understandings of the many, greatly to the spread of those principles which soften the hearts of men. If we admit that religion is the soundest basis of a noble Art, then, whatever gives more breadth, vigour, and depth to the religious sentiments, most profoundly affects Art. Rationalism just now is in the ascendant, and wisely; for it sifts, probes, and justifies all things, though it does not always see so far, deeply, or intently as the imaginative faculties. Our highest Art is now the abstract, in book-forms. But will it always remain there?

It seems to me that whenever the pure ethics of the gospels of Christ finally exorcise from religion bigotry and disturbing sectarian dogmas, then the freed imagination will see visions of celestial things more radiant than ever before. Aesthetics, morality, philosophy, and faith, must come more into harmony. Out of the great joy thus begotten fresh heavens will be opened to mortal eyes. Angels will then be "the spirits of just men made perfect," needing no wings to symbolise their celestial functions. Saints will require no martyrdoms to confirm their pious credentials. Men will be moved by their new ideal to construct edifices consecrated to their new happiness such as Art has not yet conceived. Hitherto God and Devil have overflowed in fanatical extremes into this earth, making of religion, to the many, either enforced sacrifice, irrational belief, or dark despair; evil so often overcoming good as to cause that gross materialism which everywhere abounds in Catholic lands. Few can now be found to say with St. Francis, "Praised be my Lord for our sister, the death of the body." The heaven of the descendants of the medievalist ecstasies has settled down more and more into the earth, with increased dread of death and old age, and general despair and sadness in life.

The medievalist had more diversion, so did the Greek. Their Art soothed and gladdened their lives; but their successors have become half sceptics, half hypocrites, not truly enjoying this existence, nor knowing how to secure a firm hold on a better. Americans are charged with not knowing how to amuse themselves; but there is far more real animation of heart, social and civic life, faith in themselves, their country, and their God; more vitality and rationality of existence in America than in Europe. Our new solutions of social political problems are having a quickening effect in Europe. What we get back speedily disappears in the powerful solvent of free institutions to reappear in indigenous forms. Sometimes we cavil at the name of America for not being sufficiently distinctive of our nationality; but it seems as if Providence had bestowed it on us as a token that we are to occupy the entire continent as one people, of one name, and one will.

The Art that is to grow out of such a destiny will be commensurate to its grandeur and beneficence. Lavater says, "He only who has enjoyed immortal moments can reproduce them." Three we have had already: the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, the war of Independence, and the late rebellion; each deciding immortal destinies. One more may be in store, to decide as firmly and finally the principles of religious liberty as we have those of political and material progress. The ethical constitution to regulate social rights and secure exact justice between men has yet to be promulgated. Great events form the character and solidarity of peoples: Art

illustrates them. Our latest "immortal moment" has caused the projection of innumerable monuments to commemorate the sacrifices and virtues that secured the victory for the right. A still severer struggle, growing out of the more profound instincts at stake of the soul, would give to Art to reproduce in material form an even more illustrious moment of history.

Shall we possess an Art capable of this? Looking only at its present superficial aspect, its common range of motives, its thoroughly realistic bias and materialistic treatment, its vulgar basis of mere business, the indifference and ignorance of the people at large, and the misconceptions of intellectual classes, represented by a scholar like the late Theodore Parker,—"looking at American Art only on this side, one might despair of its future. 'The Fine Arts do not interest me,'" said Parker, "so much as the Coarse Arts, which feed, clothe, house, and comfort a people. I should rather be a great man as Franklin, than a Michael Angelo; nay, if I had a son, I should rather see him a mechanic who organized use, like the late George Stephenson in England, than a great painter like Rubens, who only copied beauty."

If every painter were a Rubens in selection and treatment of topics, it might give some force to the point of Parker; for Rubens painted but little calculated to inspire the mind with lofty sentiment or refined pleasure. He was chiefly a painter of vanities for courts, academic religious Art for a degenerate, persecuting Church, and coarsenesses for the populace; but even he created, more than he copied, beauty, such as it was. His aesthetic standard, low and sensual as it undoubtedly is, has charms for many minds incapable of being touched by anything purer and higher, and which serves to raise them sensuously and intellectually somewhat above their natural material level of thought and action. Indeed we may test the fallacy of the argument of Parker on its own basis of use.

Which is most useful to man, that which adds to his physical comfort or mental and spiritual welfare? This is the real issue between representative men of the extremes of utilitarianism and aesthetics, like Franklin and Michael Angelo. I endorse most comprehensively the value of the "Coarse Arts" that feed, clothe, house, and comfort peoples, and rejoice in the advent of each benefactor in their line; but can an improved stove, cheaper bread, handier building materials, more rapid locomotion, or any of the multifarious results of the laws on patents, do for the mind what the Fine Art of a Michael Angelo does? The one is a fresh convenience to the body, easily replaced and readily forgotten. Purely material in structure and application, it has no direct connection with the soul, which lives as serenely in its immortal atmosphere without the physical object as with it. But the Fine Art that gave us Leonardo's 'Last Supper,' Raphael's 'Madonna del Sisto,' the heavenly hosts of Fra Angelico, the revelations of the misery of sinners by Luca Signorelli and Orgagna, the sympathy with despairing labour that Jules Breton shows; the profound meaning, symbolism, and conscience of H. Holman Hunt; the good cheer and gush of human emotions that Millais puts into his pictures; the lofty thought in plastic form of Africa awakening to a new life, essayed by Anne Whitney; the robust truth of form and character of Ward; the passionate glow of suggestive colour of Inness—all such as this comforts the mind.

Ideas and emotions once received into

the soul are a constituent part of it for ever. Their superiority of use, therefore, is as incontestable as their origin and office are nobler than those of tangible objects which administer only to the physical well-being. Socrates could command but a mite of worldly resources, had not a patented article in his mean habitation, never heard of steam, the telegraph, or cheap clothing, and fuel for the million; but he left a legacy of mental and moral riches to his fellow-men, such as in comparison makes all that the countless treasure of the Rothschilds can buy seem but filthy rags. If access to the soul be shut out by over-service and luxury to the body, all fine intellectual appeals fall on organisations too callous to heed them. The distinction of offices between him who works only for the physical wants, and he who administers to the growth of the soul, is, indeed, a marked one. Further, Fine Art reacts even more conspicuously on the material prosperity of a nation than the "Coarse Arts" do on the Fine. It would require the cost of many railroads or cotton-mills to buy up the Fine Art of Italy as an investment, because of its being a vast productive capital, supporting a large number of people, and adding yearly to the accumulative public wealth with but little outlay to keep it. Improved machinery and locomotion cheapen articles of common consumption, and promote circulation. Fine-Art galleries do as much, and help the buying capacities of the cities where they exist. The annual visitors to the London galleries are now counted by millions. A conjecture of the number of those who visit the Louvre and Versailles Museums, may be hazarded from the fact that more than 300,000 francs are taken from the sale each year of catalogues, which are probably not bought by one visitor in twenty. Before canes and umbrellas were admitted with their owners 100,000 francs were received in one year from their deposit at the doors. At the current fee of two sous each this sum would represent one million persons who brought these articles with them. Undoubtedly there were very many more who did not thus encumber themselves on such an occasion. It is notorious everywhere that the inhabitants of any city are less disposed to enjoy their own sights, than those who are obliged to journey to see them. Hence it is reasonable to suppose that the Parisians do not furnish one-tenth part of the frequenters of their galleries. These statistics exhibit indirectly the advantages conferred in communities which possess artistic attractions sufficient to draw to them vast concourses of sightseers, independent of the instruction and enjoyment they proffer to the inhabitants themselves. Not a few towns in Europe may be said to subsist on their treasures of Art. Were an American city to found a great gallery of Art, as judiciously managed and cared for as the Central Park in New York, visitors from all parts of the continent would flock to see it in such numbers as would soon indirectly repay its outlay, and leave it, as it were, a free gift to posterity, with a prolific income for the benefit of citizens at large. Nothing is thought of sinking the entire capital of a railroad in the outset, in view of its ulterior advantage to commerce. A few millions put into a National Museum would be even a sounder investment in this respect, besides its intellectual and refining qualities. These facts would be unnecessary to give were not so many, otherwise intelligent persons, deluded by the apparent common sense of the Parke-

rian theory of use, which, on examination, is sheer foolishness.

In favour of the spread of Fine Art in America, we have the æsthetic constitution and temperament which springs from the fusion of all races now going on into a homogeneous new one; the increasing passion for decorative ornament and festivals; a keen native instinct for colour and form; the patriotic desire to commemorate public men and events; a vast wealth each year more liberally given to beneficent purposes; increasing means of culture; a juster appreciation of national defects and deficiencies in Art; an intense spiritual apprehension of life arising from the varied religious agitations, as an offset to the redundant realism founded on rapid material progress; and, above all, the growing recognition of humanity at large as the true object of effort, to make the earth more pleasant for man's temporary sojourn. The passion of the Greek for beauty made his Art beautiful, just as the emotional fervour of the mediævalist made his spiritual. We are not called to repeat either Minervas, Venuses, Queens of Heaven, or any of the effete forms of effete mythologies or dogmas, but to create anew, according to more advanced notions of heroisms, celestial and mundane. Each after its kind in Art: realism, or "the glory of the terrestrial," as St. Paul defines the idealisms of earth; and "the glory of the celestial," as he designates those of heaven. The American school must be born of our own material and spiritual life; our own faith in, and sacrifices for, humanity; individual and national faith and work; in fine, those profound, social, political, and religious convictions that make up a religion of the heart whose fruit should be "Peace and goodwill to all men."

J. JACKSON JARVES.

Florence.

AMALGAMATED SOCIETY OF HOUSE-DECORATORS AND PAINTERS.

As every material object throws a shadow in the sunlight, so do we continually see substance and shadow, good and evil, the true and the false, the man and the ape, side by side in our social organisation.

In no respect has this been more evident than in the recent trade-movements of this country. Instinctively, though not always intelligently, aware of the immense results to be derived from combination, our trades have sought to combine, and have done so, but too often, to their own, as much as to the general, detriment. To that method of trade combination which gave rise to what are known as guilds, may be traced the establishment of municipal freedom, and the downfall of early feudal tyranny. To trade combination are due the ancient liberties of the City of London; and the palace of that city is still known as the Guild Hall.

The spirit of a guild, abused as it too often was (especially in the Low Countries), is essentially conservative, prescient, and hierarchic. It is ruled by its master and its wardens. It acknowledges the grades of its craftsmen—the apprentice, the journeyman, the master. In the noble schools which owe their origin or their support to the munificence of some of our great city-companies, may be traced the relics of the good old tradition. Seven years was the time of an apprenticeship; but then the idea which regulated the whole order of the guild was that of preserving and elevating the tradition and the practice of their craft.

How diametrically opposed to this true guild-principle is the reign of terror we have seen in some instances established among ourselves—that combination by which the good

and industrious workman is subordinated to the bad and idle one—we must not now stop to point out. Our remarks are suggested by the reception of a Report from the Amalgamated Society of House-Decorators and Painters, from a perusal of which we are most happy to perceive evidence of a due appreciation of the importance of adequate education, and of rightly directed organisation, on the part of the executive of this body.

Too much publicity cannot be given to such sound advice as that of Mr. Shipton, the general secretary of that association, when he says, "Every difficulty would be easily disposed of if the employers who are honourably disposed would work, not against, but with, the honourable workmen, and result in advancing each other's interest and welfare. Unless employer and workman so act towards each other, I fear in the great race of nation against nation, now so rapidly extending, the foreign workmen and employers, who work more amicably with each other, endeavouring to develop the resources of their skill and intelligence in design, will outstrip this country, and the boast of England, her prestige in skilful artisans, will be gradually lost."

It is a matter of extreme interest to the reflective mind to be enabled to approach questions of this nature from the point of view habitual to the workman. Thus when Mr. Shipton points out the evils resulting from the refusal of the skilled workman to do the plain job; the consequent introduction of the unskilled labourer; the subsequent employment of the latter by the "cutting" contractor; the assumption of the title "decorator and painter" by the glorified window-cleaner and errandman; the difficulty experienced by the "needy employer, perhaps previously a butcher," in attempting first-class work; the consultation with uneducated proprietors of houses of considerable architectural pretensions as to what will look "very nice;" and the ultimate result (of which we have daily examples) the simple truth of his remarks gives them a force that is almost dramatic.

"The endeavour to obtain facilities at once for affording technical education to all members of the society, and the effort to create, so far as they are able, in the public mind a higher rate of taste, and consequent demand for skill on the part of the workman," is inspired by those principles of conduct which are at once the soundest and the most elevated. We feel the warmest sympathy with every such intelligent attempt at once to better the condition of the workman, and to advance the knowledge of Art. Such is that true charity which begins at home; which, while caring for the master, improves the man; and which, by striving to guide aright an individual trade, confers an important benefit on the entire community.

We insist the more urgently upon the value of such a movement as that inaugurated by the Amalgamated Society of House-Decorators, for the twofold reason of its nature, and of its origin. Scarcely a day passes without the attention of the public being called to the stagnation of public enterprise. Among the many causes of this stagnation, one by no means of the least important, however little it has been hitherto suspected, is the stoppage of the smaller rills of accumulated profits, which, in so many instances, have combined to form a main source of capital, available for investment. This minor paralysis must be traced, in no slight degree, even if not entirely, to the spirit of hostile class-combination, and to the banding of men against masters, under the pernicious influence of interested demagogues.

When we see opposed to this fatal canker at the very root of our national prosperity, an attempt to direct the attention of the working classes to the true principles of self-defence, the enlightened culture of the craftsman, and the union of his forces with those of his employer for that purpose, we hail the omen gladly. But when we not only see an effort made in the right direction, but an effort emanating from the very bosom of the working classes, we feel that we cannot too loudly or too heartily bid God-speed to the attempt.

BRITISH ARTISTS: THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER.

WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. XC.—PHILIP HERMOGENES CALDERON, R.A.



WHAT country has the most legitimate right to claim this painter as her son, we are somewhat in doubt. His birth occurred at Poitiers, France, in 1833. His father, the Rev. Juan Calderon, was a Spaniard, born in the heart of La Mancha, and a descendant of Don Pedro Calderon, a distinguished dramatist and poet, born of noble parents in Madrid, at the commencement of the seventeenth century. There is, or was,

a few years ago, another learned man, Don Serafin-Estevan Calderon, Professor of Poetry and Rhetoric at the University of Malaga, who, we believe, is related to the family. By birth and by parentage on the paternal side, England, certainly, has therefore no right to demand Mr. Calderon as her own; it is possible, however, that on his mother's side, such a claim might to this extent be established. Be this, however, as it may, we are quite sure that he is himself perfectly content to take his place in the ranks of British Artists, and to wear the honours which our English Academy of Arts has worthily conferred upon him.

At the age of seventeen he was in London, studying in the late Mr. Leigh's Academy, in Newman Street. In the year following, 1851, he went to Paris, and entered the *atelier* of M. Picot, at that time considered 'one of the best schools of instruction in the city. During the two years of his studentship in Paris he improved himself greatly in drawing and other essential qualities of good Art, and then returned to London, occasionally resuming his work at the easel, in the studio of Mr. Leigh.

The first picture Mr. Calderon exhibited was sent to the Royal Academy in 1853, soon after his return from France: it bore the title, 'By the Waters of Babylon.' The next, 'Sterne's Maria,' and 'Ines,' were hung at the British Institution in 1855; these are little more than studies of heads, but of a good kind. At the Academy he exhibited in the same year a picture bearing the title, 'Lord, thy will be done.' 'Spanish Ballade,' an attractive little painting representing a lady playing the guitar, was exhibited at the British Institution in 1857; and 'Broken Vows,' at the Academy the same year. The composition was suggested by a passage from one of Longfellow's poems, and shows a girl standing on one side of a garden-wall, and overhearing some amatory conversation between her lover and a rival.

In 1858 Mr. Calderon ventured, and successfully, on higher ground than any he had hitherto trodden. Passing over a small but pleasing picture called 'Far away,' hung at the British Institution, we noticed in the Academy his 'Gaoler's Daughter,' a scene of the French Revolution. In the cell of a prison is seated on a bench a young priest, one of the multitudinous victims of the "Reign of Terror." The gaoler, accompanied by his two daughters, has just taken the captive his meal of bread and water, and is about to leave the cell; the elder of the girls, however, contemplates with visible emotion the grief of the young man and the certain fate which awaits him, paying no heed to the suggestion of her young sister that they must leave the spot. The story is most impressively told, especially in the tearful face of the elder girl: the figures are well and carefully drawn, and the management of light and shade shows thorough knowledge of effect. With the 'Gaoler's Daughter,' Mr. Calderon exhibited 'Flora Macdonald's Farewell to Charles Edward,' but it was not advantageously placed for critical examination.

A fanciful yet not inappropriate title, though by no means suggestive of the subject, was attached to a picture contributed to the Academy exhibition of 1859. 'Man goeth forth to his work, and to his labour, till the evening,' represents an old man seated on the pavement of a church, and carving an inscription on a monumental slab which forms a portion of the flooring. It is a poetical idea, taken in connection with the title, and is also



Drawn by W. J. Allen.]

THE BURIAL OF JOHN HAMPDEN.

[Engraved by Duttonworth and Heath.

original in itself as a pictorial composition. The subject is treated with much skill and force. Another work, exhibited at the same time, brought the artist out in what had hitherto proved a novelty from his pencil—a transition from the grave to the gay, or that which, at least, has the semblance of the gay. 'French Peasants finding their Stolen Child' shows a company of strolling actors at a country-fair; among them is a young girl, who, notwithstanding the tawdry stage-costume in which she is arrayed for her part, is recognised by her parents and claimed as their child in the presence of a *gendarme* to whom they appeal for

aid in the work of restoration. The characters throughout are well-sustained, and are placed on the canvas most effectively. Another French subject, 'Dressing for the Fair,' was sent to the British Institution in the year following: it is a small picture in which appear two peasant-girls preparing for the village-fête; one of them is adorning the other with ear-rings: the theme is agreeable and it is pleasantly and very artistically carried out. Under the title of 'Nevermore,' was exhibited in the same year at the Academy, a work of little pretension, yet making a strong appeal to the feelings by its touching sentiment. A young girl stands

looking out from a casement-window, and showing unmistakable evidence of the "silent sorrow" of her heart: this is explained by a packet of letters lying near her—portions, perhaps, of a correspondence "nevermore" to be resumed.

'The Return from Moscow,' hung at the British Institution in 1861, and now in the possession of Mr. Brunton, Brunswick Square, is an ideal representation of the miseries endured by most of the gallant fellows who followed the great Napoleon through the memorable and, to him, most disastrous campaign, which proved the beginning of the end of his career. But we must refer to the Academy exhibition of that year for two pictures which brought Mr. Calderon more prominently into public

notice than anything he had hitherto sent out of his studio. One of these was 'La Demande en Mariage.' To quote the remarks made in the columns of this Journal at the time—"The subject is simple, and the story is admirably told. There are no better specimens of expressive and effective painting in the exhibition than will be found in these two figures, while the whole treatment of the picture is pervaded by simplicity and breadth." To this work, which is in the collection of the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Society for the Encouragement of the Arts awarded its silver medal that year. The other picture exhibited with it, a much larger canvas, bore the title of 'Liberating Prisoners on the Young Heir's Birthday.' The subject at once refers the spectator



Drawn by W. J. Allen.]

THE PORTRAIT.

[Engraved by Butterworth and Heath.

back to a by-gone age: its treatment reveal two classes of individuals whose appearance respectively is significant of happiness and misery: the former typified in the "Young Heir" and his attendants; the latter in the tattered rags and haggard faces of those whom tyranny had long held captive, and who look too woebegone even to realise the glory and warmth of the sunshine to which they have been restored. The composition is most impressive in conception, and rendered yet more so by the forcible manner in which it is presented, particularly in the quality of colour.

Another capital, and very original, picture 'After the Battle'

succeeded to those in the Academy exhibition of 1862. In the volume of the *Art-Journal* for 1867 it forms one of the large engravings on steel; it is needless to repeat here the descriptive remarks which accompany the print. With it was hung a work of smaller dimensions than the former, but quite equal to it in every artistic quality. This was a scene from Shakspeare's *Henry the Eighth*, 'Katharine of Arragon and her women at work.' The unhappy queen is a most carefully studied figure; and those of her maidens are gracefully disposed, and in appearance are entitled to the appellation of "a bevy of fair maidens." Mr. Calderon's only contribution to the Royal Academy in 1868

was the picture engraved on this page—'THE BRITISH EMBASSY IN PARIS ON THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW, August 24, 1572,' for which he found materials in a passage from Aikin's "Memoirs of Sir Dudley Digge's Complete Ambassador." Curiosity seems to be inherent in most individuals: on no other ground can we account for the presence of the group in that large bay-window gazing on the horrible tragedy enacting in the streets of Paris. Walsingham, our ambassador, is pacing up and down the apartment in a state of perturbation. In the foreground is a group of ladies, one of whom has fallen on her knees with fear. The incident is worked out in a manner that betokens originality of thought and a command of the resources which every good artist has always at his disposal.

The annals of English history contain no more noble name than that of John Hampden: when he fell mortally wounded upon Chalgrove field at the commencement of the great Civil War, dying six days afterwards, Royalists and Parliamentarians mourned his death alike, however the former may have regretted

the part he took in the contest; while historians of the most opposite politics unite in unanimous praise of this true patriot.

From a simple yet eloquent passage in Lord Nugent's "Memoirs of John Hampden," Mr. Calderon painted 'THE BURIAL OF HAMPDEN,' exhibited at the Academy in 1864, and engraved as one of our illustrations. A theme so solemn could not fail to be rendered by so thoughtful and reflective a mind as his in a becoming and elevated manner. It is in every way, both in sentiment and in treatment, a noble production—one whereon we could find far more to say than our space allows. The picture is in the possession of Messrs. Agnew and Sons, of Manchester, who kindly permitted us to engrave it. Our catalogue of that year's Academy exhibition is also marked with words of commendation of another of this artist's contributions, 'In the Cloisters at Arles,' showing a group of French women, most characteristically painted. Mr. Calderon was elected Associate of the Academy in the month of July.

The year 1865 produced nothing from the pencil of Mr. Cal-



Drawn by W. J. Allen.]

THE HOUSE OF THE ENGLISH AMBASSADOR DURING THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

[Engraved by Butterworth and Heath.

deron, so far, at least, as regards public exhibition. But in the following year he contributed a picture in striking contrast with that solemn funeral scene in the rustic churchyard of Chilterna. There is a deep vein of humorous satire in his 'Her most high, noble, and puissant Grace: a child-queen of olden times marching with absurd gravity and stateliness through a corridor of her palace, her long train of embroidered silk upheld by numerous ladies of the royal household, with nobles and courtiers, and richly costumed attendants, following in procession, or lining the passage-way; the countenance of each one assuming the aspect of something between tragedy and comedy—a serio-comic expression quite suited to the occasion. No picture of the year commanded more attention than did this. It was accompanied by two capital genre subjects: one called 'On the Banks of the River Clain, near Poitiers'—French washerwomen at their avocations; the other bearing the title, 'In the Pyrenees'—a French peasant woman with a turkey.

'THE PORTRAIT,' engraved on page 10, was suggested by a

passage in Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, commencing with "Something it is which thou hast lost." The "something lost" is evidently the lady represented in the framed picture; probably the "first love" of the man whose wife watches him with jealous eye. It is a valuable work.

We can only mention by their titles the pictures exhibited by Mr. Calderon since 1866, but among them are two or three of his finest. 'Home after Victory' was exhibited in 1867; 'The Young Lord Hamlet'; 'Ænone'—a magnificent figure—and 'Whither?' in 1868; 'Catharine de Lorraine, Duchesse de Montpensier, urging Jacques Clement to assassinate Henri III'; 'Sighing his soul into his lady's face'; and 'The Fruit-seller,' last year. These, no less than his other works, show the painter's power to treat most successfully subjects of a very diversified nature.

In 1867 Mr. Calderon was elected member of the Royal Academy. At the last International Exhibition in Paris he was the only British artist to whom the highest honour, a gold medal, was awarded.

JAMES DAFFORNE.

THE UNIVERSE.*

It would almost seem as if the publishers of France were bent on running a race with our own in illustrated literature, so many are the books on a variety of subjects which find their way over here to become incorporated with the productions of British writers after translation into our language. Whether France pays equal honour to English literature is, probably, a question for argument, which, however, we do not care at the present time to discuss.

Among the latest illustrated works of foreign origin which have come into our hands is that

whose title appears in the foot-note below. It is a treatise on the natural sciences; not, however as the author admits, "a learned treatise, but a simple elementary study, conceived with the idea of inducing the reader to seek in other works for more extensive and more profound knowledge." "I should feel pleased," he continues, "were this study to be looked upon as the peristyle of the temple in which lie hidden the mysterious splendours of Nature, and if it were the means of inspiring some with a desire to penetrate into the sanctuary itself, and uplift the veil which conceals them."

The second part of the title indicates in some measure the author's aim—to gather from



NEST OF THE COMMON MAGPIE.—*Cyanus pica* (LINNÆUS).

the natural world at large, contrasting the smallest of its productions with the mightiest. He thus ranges over the animal and vegetable kingdoms, geology, and the architecture of the heavens; devoting the final chapter to popular errors—the monsters and superstitions connected with natural and other phenomena—"ridiculous fictions which our forefathers were

too often pleased to substitute for the glories of nature," and as Dr. Pouchet might truthfully have added, which have not yet died out everywhere.

This is in every way a most delightful book: there is in it enough information to attract further research into the mysteries of creation—"the infinitely great and the infinitely little;" and it is written in a style that must especially commend itself to youthful readers. Of the engravings, we need only point to the beautiful example on this page, as a specimen of the whole. The volume has all the comprehensive advantages of large type, excellent paper, careful printing, and elegant binding.

* THE UNIVERSE; OR, THE INFINITELY GREAT AND THE INFINITELY LITTLE. By F. A. Pouchet, M.D., Corresponding Member of the Institute of France, &c. &c. Translated from the French. Illustrated by 343 Engravings on Wood and Four Coloured Plates, from Drawings by A. Faguet, Momet, E. Bayard, and J. Stewart. Published by Blackie and Son.

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF THE PUBLISHER.

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

Mrs E. M. Ward, Painter. T. Ballin, Engraver.

THE story of Joan of Arc, or "The Maid of Orleans,"—a name she received after her exploits in defence of that city,—is among the most glorious to be found in the pages of history. She was born, of humble but honest parents, about 1410—11, at the obscure hamlet of Domrémy, or Domremi, near the Meuse, three leagues south of Vaucouleurs, on the borders of Champagne; a district remarkable at that period for the devout simplicity of its inhabitants, as well as for those romantic superstitions which, in a rude period, are so often allied with religion. Joan was unremitting in her prayers and other devotional exercises, and became strongly imbued at a very early age with the prevailing superstitions of her native place. "Her young heart," even at that time, says Lord Stanhope (Mahon), in his "Historical Essays," "beat high with enthusiasm for her native France, now beset and beleaguered by the island strangers. Her young fancy loved to dwell on those distant battles, the din of which might scarcely reach her quiet village, but each apparently hastening the ruin of her fatherland. We can picture to ourselves how earnestly the destined heroine—the future leader of armies—might question those chance travellers whom, as we are told, she delighted to relieve, and for whose use she would often resign her own chamber, as to each fresh report from the changeful scene of war."

The sovereignty of France was, at the period referred to, disputed by the rival houses of Orleans and Burgundy, while the English, who had overrun the country, seemed to be at the service of either party requiring them, though that of Burgundy had sworn allegiance to the English monarch. Joan, who had been favoured with visions and had heard voices, as she alleged, calling upon her to rescue France from the invaders, girded on her sword, allied herself with the Orleans party, and relieved the city of Orleans, then besieged by the English. A tide of successes followed, till at length nothing remained to England but Calais. In the meantime Joan, having thrown herself into the city of Compiègne, to which the Burgundians had laid siege, was taken prisoner by them, in 1430. The Duke of Bedford, commander of the English troops, bought, as it is alleged, the heroine from the Duke of Burgundy: she was tried at Rouen for heresy and witchcraft, and burnt alive, in that city, on the 4th of December, 1430. France and England had an equal share in this almost unparalleled crime, but it is difficult to say to which country most disgrace attaches for its commission.

Mrs. Ward's remarkably interesting picture, exhibited at the Academy in 1867, was suggested by the passage in Lord Stanhope's book which we have quoted. Though apparently occupied with her domestic duties, the thoughts of Joan are fixed on the armed warrior resting while in the village inn where she was employed. The two figures are very effectively "situated," and most expressive in conception. The dog licking the hand of the grim soldier, is a touching and pretty episode in the composition, which is throughout treated, like all this lady's works, with great artistic skill.



MRS E. M. WARD. PINXT

T. BALLIN. SCULPT

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF THE PUBLISHERS.

LONDON, VIRTUE & CO



THE ALEXANDRA PARK AND PALACE.

SINCE the appearance of the remarks on this subject in our last Number, we have received several communications, both from persons residentially interested in the preservation of this noble park, and from others who are anxious, for philanthropic, or for financial reasons, to resist the threatened inroad of the builders. It turns out, indeed, to be the case, that the ill-wind which has produced so much distress for the last three years, has blown to the neighbours of Muswell Hill at least the advantage of a respite. For the ugly fence, referred to in our former notice, is no less menacing than it is ugly. A "Limited Company" has actually been formed, under the name of the Muswell Hill Building Company. Want of funds, and the continued reluctance of the public to supply them, have hitherto, most fortunately, arrested the proceedings of this speculative association. "Most fortunately," will be echoed by all who know the spot; for it is precisely on the site occupied by the noble grove which we described, and shaded by those four vegetable princes, the oak, the elm, the chestnut, and the cedar, that it has been proposed to commence the operations of the builder. A little more neglect on the part of the public, and this romantic garden will be mapped out into little squares, or curiously misshapen patches, defined by newly-formed roads, carefully denuded of all vegetation of a loftier growth than stinging-nettles, piled up with stacks of ill-burned bricks, and finally covered with a web of villas, places, roads, terraces, crescents, mews, or other abominations, in the rearing of which, health and comfort, security and elegance, are alike sacrificed to the voracious demon of builder's profit. And yet this demon, unscrupulous as is his appetite, appears to be continually underfed. Constant and unchecked competition has reached such a pitch, that it is almost impossible for the honest builder to get his living. Thus profit has to come out of "scamping," and instead of habitations fitted for comfortable abode, we have merely a multiplicity of rent-traps. How certain this is to be the case when a building company is instituted, with the avowed aim of covering two hundred acres of virgin land with the cheapest erections which will pay rent, or command ground rent, let our readers judge!

We are, therefore, not surprised to find, that a very strong feeling has been displayed by the residential proprietors and neighbouring occupants of Hornsey, Highgate, and Muswell Hill, in favour of the preservation of the Alexandra Park, and its completion under adequate management. Again, those who have long given a disinterested, or even (and small blame to them) an interested, attention to the salubrity and habitable condition of the metropolis, view with well-founded alarm the danger of the erection of a mass of smoke-producing, oxygen-consuming buildings, on the crest of that natural barrier, which stands in much the same relation to London, that Montmartre does to Paris, over which the most health-giving breezes that can now sweep the streets and squares of the capital have to pass.

In the third place, the respectable builders, mortgagees, and other proprietors, in whose hands the non-productive land and building now remains (much like the luckless owner of a white elephant), very naturally are desirous to see some return for their money. And we are justified in saying that at least the majority of these gentlemen are to some extent aware of the magnitude of that responsibility which they owe to the public, inasmuch as to be disposed rather to facilitate the completion of palace and park, on the scale and under the conditions that will make them an unrivalled boon to the metropolis, than to allow buildings and land to be degraded into a mere voluminous edition of Highbury Barn, or to be frittered into catch-penny building lots. And as the names of some of these gentlemen are well-known, in connection with the undertaking, a regard for their own good character is so far a security for the public.

A very cursory observation will be sufficient to show that the importance of securing this outlet for the metropolitan population is positive no less than negative. We have spoken of the important benefit which the preservation and proper tendance of the park would confer on the inhabitants of the vicinity, and of the irreparable evil that its destruction would cause to London. But the great value which would attach to the spot if converted into a scene of healthful and elevating recreation, can not easily be exaggerated. The amount of popular support that has been, and still is, given to the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, is sufficient to have rendered that property a most lucrative financial success, had it not been for the unwise manner in which it has been overweighed by additional capital, and preference stock, and for the great cost in the maintenance of a building essentially temporary in its structure.

Still, the results obtained at Sydenham are such as to place the success of the Alexandra Palace, if wisely managed, far beyond doubt. The north of the metropolis, the great gate of the capital, imperatively demands a winter garden or place of public recreation of its own. Of the 3,000,000 of inhabitants of London, it may be safely assumed that three-quarters of the number will find the northern palace far more conveniently accessible than the southern. As to the country at the back of each, the disproportion is even far larger. Looking at the traffic brought to London by railway, and especially regarding excursion trains, we cannot fail to see that it is a matter of vital interest to the country visitor not to have to pass through London itself in order to enjoy a day's holiday in a spot designed for the purpose. Schools, private parties, benevolent societies, excursionists of all kinds, will be attracted by a palace, into the very court-yards of which their special train will be admitted, and which they will be able both to reach from their homes, and to leave, with perfect punctuality, and great economy of time. Of these country supporters of an artistic and industrial park and palace, Sydenham can naturally claim those resident in Kent, Surrey, and Sussex. To the remainder of the population of the country south of a line drawn from Reading to Bristol, Alexandra Park and Sydenham may be regarded as about equally accessible. For the whole remainder of the population of Great Britain, residing in forty-two counties, access to the former will be by far more natural and practicable than to the latter. As an economy of time, of cost, and an avoidance of that uncertainty which is often more obnoxious than a loss of either minutes or pence, the advantage of the northern over the southern locality may thus be roughly taken in the ratio of 42 to 3, or 14 to 1.

Again, as to the actual movement of the population. Taking the returns for the last week of the railways which will distinctly articulate with the Alexandra station, six in number, and of those which in a similar manner converge at Sydenham, three in number, the aggregate receipt of the former is £424,000, that of the latter £57,000. The increase shown by the returns of the former for the week, over those of the corresponding week in 1868, is upwards of £17,000. In the latter case there is a slight diminution.

We have heard with satisfaction that overtures have been made, independently and without previous concert, to a gentleman who, of all others, may be thought the most competent to carry out successfully this important undertaking. We refer to Mr. Francis Fuller, who first suggested the purchase of the Exhibition Building of 1862, and its re-erection on that commanding site, at Muswell Hill, from which it now looks, expectantly down. He has, moreover, that peculiarity which our countrymen are so apt to value, the habit of success in what he undertakes. When such a man has been applied to, by residents on one hand, and by proprietors on the other, for counsel and guidance in the matter, we think that a great step has been taken towards a success to which we shall only be too gratified in any way heartily to contribute—one, too, we shall be pleased to see fully realised.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT ROME: 1870.

POPE PIUS IX. has determined to supplement the action of the Ecumenical Council of 1869-1870, by an exhibition of works of Art connected with the peculiarities of the Romish worship. A brief paragraph to this effect appeared in our columns two months since. Cardinal Berardi, who is dignified with the title of Minister of Commerce and of Public Works for the microscopic Pontifical States, has issued a regulation, comprising thirty-two articles, as to the course to be adopted by the papal commissioner entrusted with the management of the intended Exposition, as well as for the guidance of those who wish to become exhibitors.

The objects of which the exhibition is to consist are divided, with a somewhat pompous and unnecessary precision of detail, into four classes. They comprise, (1) chalices and sacred utensils, (2) ornaments for priests or for altars, (3) works of Art illustrating Romish worship or Christian subjects, and (4) ornaments for churches. It is expected that the majority of articles will be modern, dating from the period of the Renaissance to the present time, but a special section will be allotted to works of mediæval origin.

A peculiar feature in the Exhibition is the mode wherein the Pontifical Government declines to render itself in any way responsible for the safety, the care, or the display of the objects of which it solicits the loan. Shelter is all that is promised—bare roof and walls, the ornament and decoration of which is to be at the charge of the exhibitors. Even the locality of the Exhibition does not appear to be fixed. At all events it is not mentioned by the cardinal; who merely uses the term "le local de l'Exposition." Unoccupied space is not very valuable at Rome, and this is all that the Government offers *gratis* to the exhibitors, with the exception of a free ticket to each for the term of the Exhibition, and the privilege of using the building ultimately selected as a sort of bonded warehouse.

Not only the reception, unpacking, arrangement, and display of the objects, the provision of stands, tables, glass-cases, and book-shelves for their exhibition, and the ornamentation of the spot assigned for the purpose, are to be at the cost of the exhibitors, but the internal regulation of the safeguard and 'police of the Exposition is to be placed by the Government "at the disposition" of these benevolent persons. Should the international character of the collection be in any way realised, and should French, English, Belgian, German, Spanish, and Italian exhibitors be called on to agree in the provision and regulation of a fancy police, any one familiar with Rome will readily picture to himself—or, indeed will find his more lively imagination altogether incapable of picturing—the unprecedented and heroic confusion that would ensue from this *poco curante* mode of throwing the duty of Government on the shoulders of the visitors whom it is intended to attract. Should the invitation prove successful, and should the monastery or other locality placed at the disposition of competing exhibitors from all countries that acknowledge the See of Peter be filled with "the merchandise of gold, and silver, and precious stones, and of pearls, and fine linen, and purple, and silk, and scarlet, and all thyine wood, and all manner vessels of ivory, and all manner vessels of most precious wood, and of brass, and iron, and marble, and cinnamon, and odours, and ointments"—a description taken from even higher authority than Cardinal Berardi—the confusion of the camp of Agramante would fall as far short of that of the Exhibition of Pope Pius, as a Quakers' meeting would do if compared to an Irish wake.

The Exhibition is to be open from February 1st to May 2nd, 1870. Persons wishing to exhibit must address a request to the Minister of Commerce and of Public Works for permission. The letter of application must state full name of applicant, origin, nature, and size of the objects to be exhibited, description, and historic notice.

ON THE
ADAPTABILITY OF OUR
NATIVE PLANTS TO PURPOSES OF
ORNAMENTAL ART.

BY EDWARD HULME, F.L.S.

PART. I.

IN this series of papers it will be our desire to direct the attention of the architect, manufacturer, and designer, to some of the beautiful forms of nature, which though easily accessible, seem to have scarcely received the consideration they deserve;—to give a brief account of the habits, peculiarities, and localities of the plants as they come before us; to cite from time to time examples, either English or foreign, of their use in the ornament of the past; and generally to add such details as may directly or indirectly, tend to create an interest in the plant in question. We find, on looking back at the past history and practice of Ornamental Art, in the midst of many marked differences of style one principle very generally observed—the use in the ornament of any given country of the plants familiar to the people. Hence, the Egyptians exclusively used in their ornament the plants of their own land; and we see the palm branch, the papyrus, and the beautiful lily of the Nile constantly recurring. We find the Greeks and Romans employing the acanthus, olive, and vine; the Japanese, the light and graceful bamboo; and in our own Gothic styles and those of the Continent—French, German, or Spanish—we meet with more or less conventionalised representations in the carvings, paintings, illuminations, and fabrics for dresses, hangings, &c., of the familiar forms of our hedge-rows, streams, and meadows, such as the wild rose, oak, maple, iris, buttercup, and many others. It is then with the desire to awaken our decorators to the fact, that beautiful as the Greek *anthemion* and other allied forms are, they by no means represent the limit available in ornamental Art, that the following papers have been prepared, since we are persuaded that if once the inexhaustible riches of nature were sought after by our architects, and their beauties brought before the eyes of the people in their work, architecture would thus be taking one long step nearer to the sympathies and appreciation of many to whom it is now a matter of indifference. The works of a few of our leading architects owe at least some of their beauty to their recognition of this truth; and we would desire, while acknowledging the services rendered to architecture by such men as Pugin, Collings, Stroot, and Gilbert Scott, to add our mite to the revival going on around us.

The four plants here selected from their beauty and adaptability to ornamental purposes are the maple, the thorn-apple, the ox-eye daisy, and the hawthorn. THE MAPLE (*Acer campestre*) is generally met with as a small hedge-row tree throughout England, but it is not common in either Scotland or Ireland. The wood, though small in section, is often very beautifully veined, and thus becomes of service for furniture, inlay, &c. The bark is exceedingly rough, full of deep furrows, and very much resembling cork in its appearance. The fruit is winged. The specific name, *campestre*, refers of course to the localities in which the plant may be found, the open fields; while the generic name, *acer*, sharp or hard, in Celtic *ac*, has been bestowed upon it from the toughness of the wood; it was extensively used by the ancient Britons in the fabrication of weapons of war—spikes, spears, and lance-handles. The English name evidently descends from the Saxon *mapul-dre*. We thus in these few words, *acer campestre*, the maple, learn where the plant is to be found, one of its striking features, the hardness of the wood, and also, from its Saxon name, the fact of its being one of our indigenous shrubs. This has, from the beautiful forms of the leaves and fruit, been largely introduced in mediæval work. It occurs, for instance, very beautifully treated, as one of a series of small spandrels in the stalls of Lincoln Cathedral, and again in a spandrel in

the choir of Winchester. On the Continent two very beautiful examples of it are seen in hollow mouldings in the cathedrals of Evreux, and of Notre-Dame, Paris. All these specimens are of the fourteenth century.

THE THORN-APPLE, the subject of our second illustration, though not a common wild plant, may occasionally be met with, growing on waste spots, rubbish heaps by the road-side and similar places. The large size and brilliant whiteness of the flowers, and the bulk and

peculiar character of the spiny fruit, make it a very striking object, and admirably fitted for a share of the ornamentist's regard. It is a plant of Eastern origin, and was unknown here until the reign of Elizabeth; we therefore do not find it in any of the Art-work before that date, nor, indeed, do we remember to have ever seen it in any way introduced in later designs: this, no doubt, is partly owing to the comparative rarity of the plant. Its scientific name is *Datura stramonium*, the generic name being derived from



MAPLE.

tatarah, the name of the plant in Arabic. The whole plant is powerfully narcotic in its effects. In the quaint pages of Gerard, published A.D. 1536, we learn the history of its introduction into England. Gerard was the director of the botanical garden of Lord Burleigh; hence he received many rare plants from abroad for cul-

tivation. In speaking of the *datura* he says,—“whose seeds I have received of the Right Honourable the Lord Edward Zouch, which he brought from Constantinople, and of his liberality did bestow them upon me; and it is that thorn-apple that I have disposed through this land.” In some botanical works we find



THORN-APPLE.

it asserted that the thorn-apple was introduced into Europe in the Middle Ages by the gypsies, who, in their wanderings, brought it from Asia; but the declaration of Gerard is so positive and explicit, that it seems difficult to admit any other belief, more especially as he accompanies his statement by an illustration which, though

very rough and quaint, is quite sufficiently like the natural plant to prove that it was not some other species introduced by him and wrongly named.

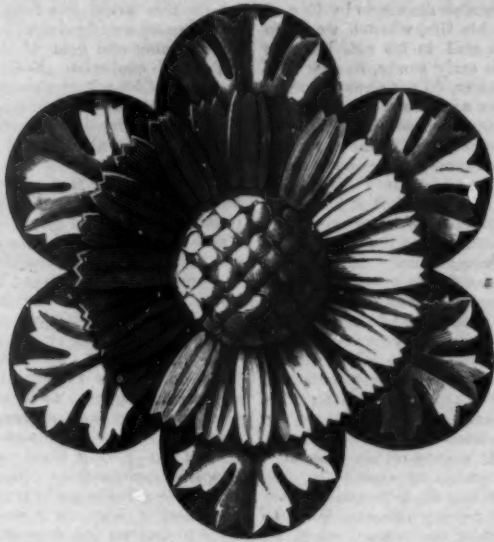
Our third illustration is an adaptation of THE OX-EYE DAISY (*Chrysanthemum leucanthemum*) to the purposes of ornament. The impressions

we at once derive on seeing the natural plant are—first, the size and brilliant star-like character of the flowers, as we view it growing amidst the long grass; secondly, the beautiful contrast of form, colour, and light and shade between the deep yellow, convex central portion, and the brilliant white and concave rays surrounding it; and thirdly, the comparative smallness and insignificance of the leaves: hence it appears to us that in any adaptation of the plant to the purposes of the

designer, these are salient points to be observed. We find it growing very freely in meadows, on the sunny side of railway banks, &c., and, where found at all, generally in great profusion. During the past summer, by the side of the river Wey, we came across a plant that had firmly established itself, and was growing and flowering in full health and vigour in the crown of a pollard willow tree, about eight feet from the ground. It is one of the plants regarded by the farmer with dislike, as it

The wood is very hard and will take a high polish; the generic name *crataegus*, from a Greek word signifying "strength," being an allusion to this characteristic of the plant. Its use as a hedge-row plant in England dates, according to Sowerby, from the time of the Romans, and of this, there can be but little doubt, as its most common name—hawthorn—is, literally, the hedge-thorn, from the Saxon word *hage*. The second name—white-thorn—has been given to it in contradistinction to the black-thorn (*prunus spinosa*), a somewhat similar, and, in a wild state, almost equally common plant; the stems of the latter being very dark in colour, while in the hawthorn or white-thorn they are comparatively light. The third name, May, has obvious reference to the time of flowering. The leaves of the plant are exceedingly varied in form, affording a great choice for the selection of the ornamentist; some being very simple in character, while others are deeply cut and very rich and beautiful in outline. A permanent variety may be occasionally met with, in which the leaves, instead of being of the ordinary deep and bluish green, are in addition irregularly blotched with varying and intermingling tones of yellow. The flowers also of the hawthorn are subject to considerable variation in colour: the typical state is a pure milky white; but owing to the nature of the soil in which the plant is found, the blossoms may occasionally be seen varying from a pale pink to almost crimson. The berries, also, though generally of a deep crimson colour, are sometimes of an intensely golden yellow. An old writer, Culpepper, in his "British Herbal," a treatise partly astrological and partly medicinal, having first stated that the plant is under the dominion of Mars, thus defines the medicinal properties of the hawthorn:—"The seeds in the berries, beaten to powder, being drunk in wine, are held singular good against the dropsy. The seed, cleared from the down, bruised and boiled in wine, and drunk, is good for inward tormenting pains. If cloths and sponges be wet in the distilled water, and applied to any place wherein thorns and splinters, or the like, do abide in the flesh, it will notably draw them forth. And thus you see the thorn gives a medicine for its own pricking, and so doth almost everything else."

Though to a certain extent foreign to our subject, we may perhaps be permitted to say, that to the naturalist, as well as to the botanist and the designer of Ornamental Art, the tree possesses considerable attractions, the berries being the favourite fruit of many of our birds, and the foliage being sometimes completely stripped by the larvae of various butterflies and moths, such as the small Ermine, the Brimstone moth, and many others; while among the poets, Chaucer, Milton, Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Goldsmith, Bampfyde, and Tennyson, have all found in it a source of beauty and inspiration. It has also been one of the favourite plants of the ornamentists, occurring very commonly in the works of the Middle Ages. It would be both tedious and unnecessary to give anything like an exhaustive catalogue of its use in past Art: as good examples out of many, we would merely cite its occurrence in a finial in the Lady Chapel, Exeter; as a stone-diaper alternating with oak, at Lincoln; in two fine spandrels, and a beautiful capital, very full and rich in its wreathing, in the Chapter-house, Southwell. Other examples occur in the cathedrals at Ely, Wells, and Winchester. Wherever met with in Ornamental Art, the leaves and berries are the parts selected: to the best of our knowledge the flowers have never, in any instance, been introduced, no doubt from the fact of the minuteness and delicacy of each individual blossom, and its habit of growing in clusters, which, though extremely beautiful in nature, are, from their intricacy of detail, unsuited to the purposes of the ornamentist. Similarly, though the plant in its natural growth is often exceedingly spiny, it is, in Ornamental Art, represented as almost or entirely without this characteristic feature, as there would be a great practical difficulty, in any kind of relief-work at least, in the satisfactory introduction of forms so minute and fragile, yet requiring so high a relief.



OX-EYE DAISY

generally indicates great dryness of soil, and from its abundance, and the perennial nature of the root, can scarcely be dislodged where it has once fairly taken possession. The whole plant varies from one to two feet in height, blossoming in June and July. The garden chrysanthemum is a Japanese allied species, considerably modified by cultivation. It may be seen painted on Japanese plates, screens, &c. So far as we are aware the ox-eye seems to have been but little used in ornamental art, the

following examples being the only cases of its occurrence with which we are acquainted:—On a label termination to one of the windows in the presbytery, Winchester, where we find the flower in the centre of the boss very clearly and unmistakably rendered, but surrounded by the ordinary type of leaf of the early English Gothic period; in some twelfth-century glass at Rheims, where it is introduced as the flower dedicated to St. John, and where, by a poetical symbolism, all the



HAWTHORN.

flowers turn towards our Saviour on the cross, as the Sun of Righteousness, the true light of the world: again met with in the celebrated MS., "The Hours of Anne of Brittany," now in the *Bibliothèque du Roi*, Paris. This illumination dates from the close of the fifteenth century, the flowers introduced being very naturalistic in character, and with their shadows thrown upon a golden ground—a marked characteristic of the illumination of that time. It also occurs in a missal in the Library of the Arsenal, Paris,

where, on a golden ground, similar to that last cited, detached flowers are scattered over the borders—the pea, iris, heart's-ease, and many others being represented, and among them the ox-eye daisy.

The fourth illustration is derived from THE HAWTHORN, WHITE-THORN, or MAY (*Crataegus oxyacantha*), a plant familiar to every one from its being so extensively used for hedge-rows; its strength, closeness of growth, and spiny character, admirably adapting it to the purpose.

VISITS TO PRIVATE GALLERIES—

THE COLLECTION OF FREDERICK CRAVEN,
ESQ., HOPE LODGE, MANCHESTER.

No. IV.

THE works we describe this month are water-colour drawings exclusively. Many of them are so well known to Art-lovers as to render description of them almost unnecessary. We could not, however, pass by drawings unique in their special qualities, and which so strongly reflect the splendours of our water-colour school. The artists of whom we have to speak are—David Cox, Turner, F. Tayler, G. Cattermole, F. W. Topham, E. Duncan, W. Hunt, James Holland, F. M. Brown, D. Rosetti, &c. We have said that many of these productions are well known; that is, having been once seen, they will never be forgotten. In support of this observation, we turn at once to a small but most remarkable series by Cox.

The value and beauties of the manner into which the practice of David Cox ultimately settled, was long fully appreciated by his brethren of the art before it was understood by the public. It was something like a return to our earliest and simplest method of drawing, when Indian ink, or what was called neutral tint, was tenderly broken with colder and warmer mixtures. In a long series of his works, Cox shows us that he was eminently a colourist, but he could at will shake off the witcheries of the Syren Colour, and devote himself with religious enthusiasm to the grandest phenomena of nature. Mr. Craven is unusually fortunate in possessing four of the works which have largely contributed to the high reputation of this great artist. These are 'Beeston Castle,' 'Fern Gatherers,' 'Windsor Castle from the Great Park,' and, even surpassing all—'The Welsh Funeral.' We do not remember, precisely, the dates of these drawings, but we may call them later works. We are positively against the notion that painters at fifty years of age are beaten by their Art. Cox was an earnest and improving student to the end of his life: it has been said of him that his great works all presented a similarity of natural phase. It is true that his presentments of clouded and rainy skies were frequent, but in these descriptions he stood unrivalled, and was superior even to Turner, either too subtle for solution, or open to many readings. In the Beeston Castle drawing, Cox's sky is not an allusion to rain, it is an outpouring from the heavens; and the umbrellas, which Rogers said he took when going to see Constable's pictures, would have served him but little here. The rain flies through the picture in wild drifts, and the ground is flooded with the torrent. The story of the raging tempest is most impressively told: it shows us how proverbial extremes all but meet in the cunning of the Art, and the grandeur of nature. We have but a glimpse of the castle, for the storm seems to have enveloped it as in a winding-sheet. The name given to the drawing is borrowed from the locality; but the conditions of the composition are entirely independent of locality, and might be applied with equal point and force to any other place, so entirely unfettered is genius by local circumstance. The Windsor drawing presents a well-known view, that of the castle from some point near perhaps the end of the Long Walk. In the foreground are two figures, those of a woman and a girl, of whom the former is supposed to be saying, "The Queen is coming." It may be that the artist saw more in his subject than he chose to record in his picture; or rather, it may be, with the hand of a great master he has omitted nothing, but reconciled the whole with a simplicity which brings his materials nearer to nature than they could be brought by minute manipulation. 'Broom Gatherers' is a drawing equal in importance to the preceding, containing a group of country people and donkeys, occupied according to the title. The ground is rich in colour, and in the upper section of the drawing is a pile of clouds—a form of infinite grandeur

backed by a blue sky. This is the repose of a calm day; while in the Windsor view we have a description of wind in its effects both on the trees and clouds; and in 'Beeston Castle' and 'The Welsh Funeral'—particularly in the former—such a rainfall as has never been surpassed on paper. The owner of these drawings is extremely fortunate in possessing four such works by the artist. They never should be separated; as companions their value is doubled, not only commercially, but as illustrating different phases of nature.

The collection contains drawings by Cox at different periods of his life, whence we learn that he never stood still in his art, but was ever advancing. His early works, like those of many men of real power, do not show so much sparkle, perhaps, even as those of other artists of brilliant beginnings, whose fire has died out before they attained the term of middle life. Thus, from the examples we have mentioned, 'Claverhouse's retreat to Tillietudlem' differs materially. It looks as if it had been made for engraving. In a 'Storm on the Moors,' we again salute him as the giant of his later time. We are continually surprised at the slowness of the subjects chosen by Cox, and enchanted by the grandeur of effect with which he invests them. In 'Bolton Castle, Wensleydale,' the building plays a very inconsiderable part in the composition; the scene, in fact, being a wide expanse of moor with very properly a company of sportsmen in the foreground. There is also 'Bolsover Castle,' in Cheshire, a view intended to describe the building and its site. It stands on an eminence, and composes with masses of near trees, over which is thrown a fitting shade beautifully accounted for by the driving clouds. With so much of the instinct of the stormy petrel, we cannot be surprised that he should delight in the turmoil of the sea as much as in the tumults of the sky. We have, accordingly, a 'Wreck on the North Coast'; one of those essays which an observer sees, perhaps more justly than the artist himself, should have been treated as a large drawing. It is limited in size, but it expands under the eye. No artist has painted so much flat scenery as David Cox, a class of subject extremely difficult to render interesting; but although he always described with remarkable ease, a great expanse and remote distance, still frequently the landscape looks like a subject chosen only for a display of power in sky-painting. We have not seen any foreign scenery that Cox ever painted. When we consider the bent of his genius, we cannot conceive that any climate could be so consonant with his feelings as our own. From youth to age he was faithful to Bettwys-y-Coed, having paid, we believe, annual visits to the place during more than forty years, and even at the last, he spoke of the beauties of the region with an enthusiasm equalled only by the rapture of a lover but freshly and fatally smitten with the charms of some earthly divinity. Cox could paint daylight and sunlight much better than the majority of his contemporaries; but he loved to invoke the rain-cloud, and his wet days are many. There are no works he ever painted that show so effectively the zest with which he worked as those Mr. Craven is so fortunate as to possess.

J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.—We find in this collection a very celebrated drawing by Turner, we have never before seen, but which is well-known to us from the engraving. It is the 'Land's End,' and however much the engraving is admired, we may at once say it does but little justice to the drawing. In treating such a subject, the generality of painters would have thought it indispensable minutely to portray the locality, and would have felt it impossible otherwise to secure identity. But these are considerations which weighed so little with Turner, that to him identity, or even allusion, was nothing when a certain point was to be gained. Here, for instance, the description is limited to sea and sky, with the presence of a rocky shore, implied by the breakers and the flying spray. This drawing has now been in existence many years, and has settled down to silvery tones of marvellous transparency, into which we might look for hours without

being able correctly to determine the means of the effect. To describe this really magical work in detail, would be saying what has been already twenty times repeated of it. It is, however, not too much to affirm of its rare quality—and is the highest praise which can be bestowed—that it is one of the most beautiful works of the great artist.

FREDERICK TAYLER.—The Heron brought down by the Hawk, is one of Mr. Tayler's most remarkable works. It contains a happy concentration of all the material, in the definition of which this artist has long been so eminent; dogs, horses, and figures with all the appropriate circumstance and gear of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Before Meissonnier, and the stars of his school, recognised what has been rendered by time and change of taste, as picturesque quality in the personal appointments of the eighteenth century, Frederick Tayler had already set forth the best points of the dress and style of that period; and with a gallant and romantic sentiment that the French painters have but imperfectly understood. There are certain subjects of which the rigid conditions might be satisfied by very simple treatment. Of this class 'The Heron brought down by the Hawk' is one, but instead of that simplicity which certainly could not have been challenged as an impropriety in dealing with this subject, we have a picture setting forth one of our field-sports in a spirit by no means too romantic to be unreal. Mr. Tayler seems to have been sitting, perhaps willingly at first, perhaps unconsciously at last, at the feet of Sir Walter Scott, waiting, it may be, new inspirations from other heads and hearts, but nothing has come of it; and we are heartily glad that it is so, for it would scarcely be possible to surpass the suggestions as thus carried out from the picturesque descriptions of, say the Lammermoor Party, or Dis Vernon and her friends, or even of Adam Woodcock and his birdcraft. It is a large drawing, and nothing is forgotten that can add to the excitement of such a scene. The time is supposed to be about the middle of the last century. The work was exhibited, we believe, in 1863, in the gallery of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours, and also at Paris in 1867. 'The Gleaner Returning Home,' is a less aspiring subject; showing simply a peasant girl with her gatherings on her head, and driving homeward a flock of sheep. To this 'The Shepherdess' is a pendant—the title being verified by a Scotch girl carrying on her head a sheaf of green food for some of the animals under her charge, being at the same time surrounded by her flock. Notwithstanding the success of this artist as a painter of picturesque and romantic incident, the power which he possesses of portraying animal character and describing peculiarities of race leads him continually into a display of his mastery in animal-painting. In water-colour he is inapproachable as a canine portraitist, and we rarely see in the works of the same artist a similar power united with such elegant taste as distinguishes his groups of equestrian figures.

G. CATTERMOLLE.—By this artist is a very large and elaborate drawing, called 'The Bandits Disturbed,' in which we see, in a baronial interior, some fifty figures disposed in acts of attack and defence. This work Cattermole had under his hand several, perhaps many, years; a fact sufficiently intelligible in contemplation of the problems he proposed to himself for solution in the course of his progress. It is a composition which we can easily believe an artist might put aside many times from sheer exhaustion, with no resource left but to hope even against hope that time and the proverbial fresh eye would bring new ideas. It is impossible to conceive a scene of more stirring incident. The story, as it has been communicated to us, turns upon the sack of a castle by a band of robbers, who, in their fancied security, sit down to a feast, in the enjoyment of which they are disturbed by the proprietor of the castle and his friends and retainers, who have returned in force, and are disputing with the robbers possession of the place. On the left is a party of men variously armed, but especially with the

arquebus; some of whom are firing, some loading, and others tending the wounded, for several of the party are down. On the right is a group equally active, and the circumstances of their situation are similar to those of the party on the other side. One of the most remarkable figures—that, indeed, which is the first to attract attention—is a man descending through an aperture in the floor, and about to carry below a quantity of plate. The battle is carried on in the hall of the castle, a place of grand and imposing proportions, the stairs and galleries of which are crowded with men firing and hurling stones on those below. Persons who are in anywise familiar with the brilliant points which ever occur in Cattermole's works, will readily comprehend the meaning of our remarks as allusive to the labour necessary to the execution of a subject so complicated in comparison with the minor and more or less conventional arrangement of a few figures. There is no work of the artist on which he has spent so much study, and which he has brought to a result so triumphant. 'The Power of the Organ' shows his power in another direction. As exemplifying sentiment on the one hand, and action on the other, no two works could be better contrasted; and had the latter been produced of proportions equal to those of the other, as a pair each would have added to the value of the other. Another admirable specimen is the well-known 'Grace before Meat'—a work exemplifying Cattermole's peculiar vein as perfectly as any drawing he ever executed.

E. DUNCAN.—'Gathering Sea-weed at Guernsey.' This broad and open view was made in 1858, in which year Mr. Duncan made a number of characteristic and interesting studies in Guernsey; some of them large and very highly wrought. In this drawing are many figures collecting and carting away the sea-weed at low-water, after, we may suppose, a gale of wind. The work has the best characteristics of Mr. Duncan's works, especially breadth and atmosphere.

S. PROUT.—'The Interior of Strasbourg Cathedral'—a subject entirely after the artist's heart. The now ragged Gothic architecture with the time-worn figures contrasting with the crowd of devotees below, are materials which Prout represented more easily and effectively than any other artist. In this drawing we see how admirably his manner was suited to the reproduction on paper of the broken and crumbling ornamentation of Gothic architecture. This, however, might be a small accomplishment in the description of imposing proportions; but still we see here that he had, as perfectly as D. Roberts, the power of expressing space without exaggerating the proportions of his subject. It is one of the finest of Prout's works.

T. S. COOPER, R.A.—A group of cows and sheep in the flats below Canterbury, with a distant view of the Cathedral—a very careful drawing, with many of the telling points Mr. Cooper mastered in his early study in Belgium, and which have since more or less marked his works.

F. W. TOPHAM.—'Loitering' is the title of a rustic subject by this artist; it consists of a piece of rough brook-side scenery, with a girl and a boy seated near the stream, and another girl standing with a lamb near a bridge that crosses the gorge. The drawing is remarkable for richness of colour and carefully studied *chiaroscuro*. The feeling of the work reminds us of earlier drawings by this eminent artist, before either his Irish or his Spanish experience; yet there is a power in it far exceeding the force of the earlier and similar compositions of which it suggests the recollection though only as to resemblance of locality. In 'Homeward,' the progress of the maiden with the pet lamb is continued, and here she is carrying the lamb across a stream, followed by her little sister. In the latter drawing is a sentiment beyond mere rustic incident. The transport of the lamb across the rivulet, an incident which, probably, the artist has seen, is sufficiently novel and interesting to form the subject of a large picture. Another work of great beauty and touching interest represents the interior of an

Irish cabin of the better class: a young mother watches over the cradle of her sleeping child. It might justify a column of description, and will have it in due course, for at no distant period it will furnish one of the engravings for the *Art-Journal*. There is a sweetness in these drawings causing regret that Mr. Topham should have forsaken these simple themes, into which he infuses so much of the gentle spirit of those of our poets who have written of the country and its pleasures and pursuits—it is to be regretted, we say, that he should have passed such subject-matter by to enter on fields of more ambitious enterprise, how perfectly soever he may have justified the transition.

J. HOLLAND.—'The Entrance to the Grand Canal, Venice,' is the title of many drawings and pictures which have been made near the spot—that is, near the Dogana; but Mr. Holland did not work out this drawing with a view of presenting the magnificent architecture of the place as his chief subject-matter; for it is in some degree hidden by vessels and gondolas that form principal points in the composition; the Library and Ducal Palace appearing as only secondaries. This is one of the brightest versions of Venice that have perhaps ever been painted; it is everywhere an unbroken breadth of daylight, uninterrupted sunshine, with evidences rather of pleasure than of business, and just movement enough to rescue the place from the supposition of its being a region in dreamland. At least a hundred times have we seen these same objects painted, but never any local representation so daring and defiant yet so profoundly argumentative. It looks extremely light and facile, yet it is not so, for it bespeaks itself a result of long and searching enquiry followed by earnest and deep thought. Everything in Venice refers us to the past, and thus Mr. Holland paints the place as it was—the pearl of the Adriatic, for there is enough of the visionary in the drawing to tell us that it is historical and of yesterday, rather than real and of to-day. Few men have ever been sufficiently interested in the narrow canals to paint them, yet Holland has studied them and rendered them, both in oil and water-colour, with magical effect. Each picture is a Venetian story, abounding in dark and mysterious passages, with allusions to a pride and power which we should attribute to the enthusiasm of the painter did we not know that Venetian history is unique in the annals of the world. 'The Lion of St. Mark' bears everywhere allusion to the taste and refinements of the Venetians, as in the picture above noted the architecture is rather veiled than displayed. The idea in some degree conveyed by this treatment is that Venice has been vulgarised, that something more than a mere power of mechanical imitation is necessary to make a picture speak truly of this city. The scene here is a portion of the quay near the column with the winged lion, and looking across to the statue. There is a throng of figures, but not such as might have known Titian and Giorgione, the artist has not committed himself in this way, yet personages the types of all the refinements of the place. The pigeons too are here, these state pensioners which most artists overlook, and those who have remembered them have never introduced them in such a manner as to draw attention to their presence.

W. HUNT.—By this versatile artist are works in diverse genres. It may be there is a sameness in his fruit and flower subjects, but that identity has hitherto been at least peculiar. Without an acquaintance with the accomplishments of W. Hunt it might be difficult to determine his pieces of comic human nature and brilliant fruit compositions to be by one and the same hand. We instance here an apple and some grapes, with the usual piece of green lane background, which seems to have been his adopted cognizance, as that of Garofolo was a violet, that of Ruysdael a waterfall, that of a later painter a gourd, and those of others, a variety of devices whereby they left their marks on their respective works. A bit of turf, a few grapes and an apple, would seem to many artists a bald subject, but it must be borne in mind that it is carried to the very extremity of finish,

with a perfect understanding of all the available qualities of water-colours. Another very simple agroupment consists of some primroses and a bird's-nest, with ivy leaves and tendrils, every part of which is worked out in a manner so minute as continually to suggest the question as to the method of its execution. The simplicity of Hunt's subject-matter raised in his wake a numerous following; but imitators seemed only to confirm his triumphs, for he was inapproachable in that kind of Art of which he was the creator. He has given an entirely new feeling to fruit and flower painting. We must acknowledge the magnificence of the displays of flowers produced by Dutch and French painters, and also by artists of our own school; but their study was variety and brilliancy of hue and elegance of composition, whereas Hunt's ambition was a simplicity which should look as much as possible like accident. The principle is most perfectly exemplified in the two small and simple but wonderfully painted works we mention. In this collection are examples of Hunt's figure-subjects, as 'The Scrub,' in which we see a country boy washing his face,—this we believe has been engraved,—and differing from this, 'Devotion,' a boy kneeling in prayer before, perhaps, a crucifix or Madonna not seen in the drawing. The 'Scrub' is one of the best of Hunt's figure-subjects, which are all marked by a vein of humour sufficiently natural to remove it from caricature. In painting sedate character this artist does not rise above ordinary quality, but he stands alone in the particular line of rustic figure which he has made his own. Before his time nobody ever saw anything worthy of record in the habits of rustic boys and girls. But this was a kind of nature that impressed William Hunt, and which he was so gifted as to be able to describe in its full force. We have never seen by this painter, any essay in what is called "high Art," and we have ground for the belief that he could not sustain himself in an elevated strain with the applause he won by painting themes that in other hands are below common-place, and of which the pungent essence has never been extracted save by him. In fruit and flower painting much that was "gorgeous" (that is the term we think), was done before his time, but the painters thought rather of the splendours of King Solomon than the simplicity of the lilies. Rachel Ruysch, Van Os, George Lance, and the living Grönland have had a large following in their respective manners, and some of their imitators have very nearly approached them; but Hunt has been a remarkable originator, and nobody has ever equalled the points in which he excelled; for instance, those in the drawings in this collection. There have been thousands of like versions by other hands, but all would suffer in comparison with these and other fruits, flowers, and foliage by this artist, on which we recognise the virgin bloom and the morning dew as they never have before been painted. No painter who has dealt with subjects so humble, ever exerted an influence so marked in his particular department.

F. M. BROWN.—There are three very powerful drawings by Mr. Brown, the subjects of which are 'Romeo and Juliet,' 'Cordelia's Portion,' and 'Elijah and the Widow's Son.' The particular scene from the former of the two plays is the parting on the balcony. The pith of the subject is the embrace, and this has rarely been painted with such an intensity of passion as we see here thrown into it: the whole is worked most elaborately up to the text of the play. In 'Cordelia's Portion,' the circumstances introduced are not less telling. The old king is seated in state, having on his right Goneril, Regan, and their husbands, while on his left are Cordelia and the King of France. A map lies at the foot of the throne with Cordelia's portion torn, in token of her dishonour. The whole is a very profound study of character, pointing not to isolated passages, but a concentration at once refined and powerful of the essence of the entire drama.

There are numerous other examples in this valuable collection of water-colour drawings worthy of specific notice; but the space at our disposal terminates here, and much we could say must remain unsaid.

SUGGESTIVE SELECTIONS*
FROM THE
OLD MASTERS IN ART-INDUSTRIES.



O question exists as to the decadence of Art and degradation of taste which characterised the 18th century. For various reasons and under different

forms, this decay may be traced in the several countries of Europe. To the spirit of emulation and of industry aroused by our own Exhibition of 1851, and the similar displays of which that great effort was the parent, we can trace the hope that may now be entertained of a satisfactory and progressive improvement of all forms of applied and industrial Art.

For those patterns and examples by the study and the imitation of which the workman may hope to attain an excellence that is yet FUTURE, we must turn our attention to the PAST. The Italian and German artists of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries have left us masterpieces which we cannot regard with too much care and attention. Plastic and fictile work of all descriptions: moulded, painted, and enamelled *faience*; plaques and statuettes in terra-cotta; hammered and chiselled work in steel, in copper, and in silver; carving in wood, in ivory; in marble, in various kinds of stone; tapestry, leather-work, book-binding—no pursuit of the Art-workman can be named in which golden examples may not be found in the mediæval collections that are now being carefully formed in all parts of the civilised world.

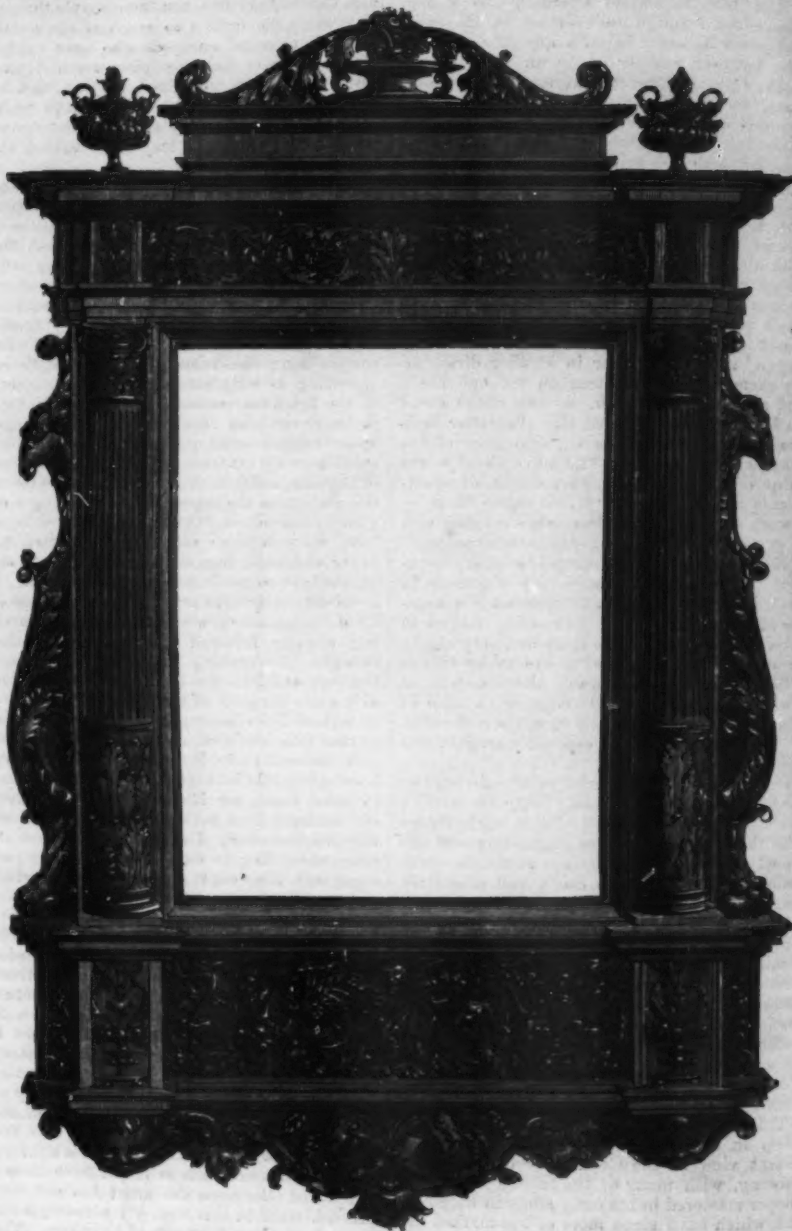
In our own country the Art-Museum of South Kensington contains a collection of specimens of mediæval Art of which the value to the English workman is as yet very far from being fully appreciated. Supplemented as it is by a noble and yearly augmenting library, it forms a perfect industrial university, as far, at least, as the *matériel* of education is concerned. We shall hope to merit the gratitude of our friends among manufacturing and industrial artisans by bringing before them, from time to time, a few carefully selected specimens of the masterpieces of the great artists of the best periods of mediæval workmanship; taking our illustrations, almost at random, from the various branches of cunning industry to which we have referred.

* The examples, of which we propose to continue a series, are taken from various sources, including the South Kensington Museum, the Universal Exhibition of 1867, the collections of the late Duc de Morny, Baron James Rothschild, and other well-known connoisseurs and collectors. Some of them have been engraved for the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*, some for the Museum, and some exclusively for our own pages. We feel convinced that the series cannot fail to prove instructive as well as interesting to all classes and orders of Art-workmen and Art-manufacturers, no less than to the connoisseur and the student. To the authorities at South Kensington we are specially bound to record our thanks for the loan of many engravings on wood hitherto unpublished.

The engraving No. 1 represents a carved wood mirror-frame, of the sixteenth century, which was exhibited in the Paris Universal Exhibition of 1865. It is of German work, although it bears evident marks of the influence of Italian taste. The contrast

between the severe regularity of the architectural elements, the graceful freedom of the foliage on the frieze and the base, and the boldness of the scrolls, vases, and pierced work on the top, is very striking.

The next illustration (No. 2) is taken from



No. 1. MIRROR-FRAME IN CARVED WOOD: SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

the collection of the late Baron James Rothschild, of Paris. The various treasures accumulated by the thirty partners of that colossal house would alone furnish an ex-



No. 2. AN ITALIAN CHEST: SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

tensive museum. Our print represents a *cassone*, or Italian chest, of the 16th century.

The engravings Nos. 3 and 4 represent two fine specimens of "*majolica*" from the

Ceramic Gallery in the South Kensington Museum. The former is one of a pair of flasks, or pilgrim's bottles, of Urbino or Castel-Durante ware, of the

ware, dated 1519, appears to have been intended for a clay pot. It is 15 inches high, and 12½ inches in diameter, painted in blue, orange, green, and white, with masks and arabesques, and displaying a coat of arms between interlacing dolphins. It was purchased for the sum of £25, in 1859.



No. 3. PILGRIM BOTTLE: MAJOLICA, 1560.

year 1560. The ground is white, adorned with medallions, figures, and arabesques in pale, subdued shades of orange and blue, green and yellow. It is



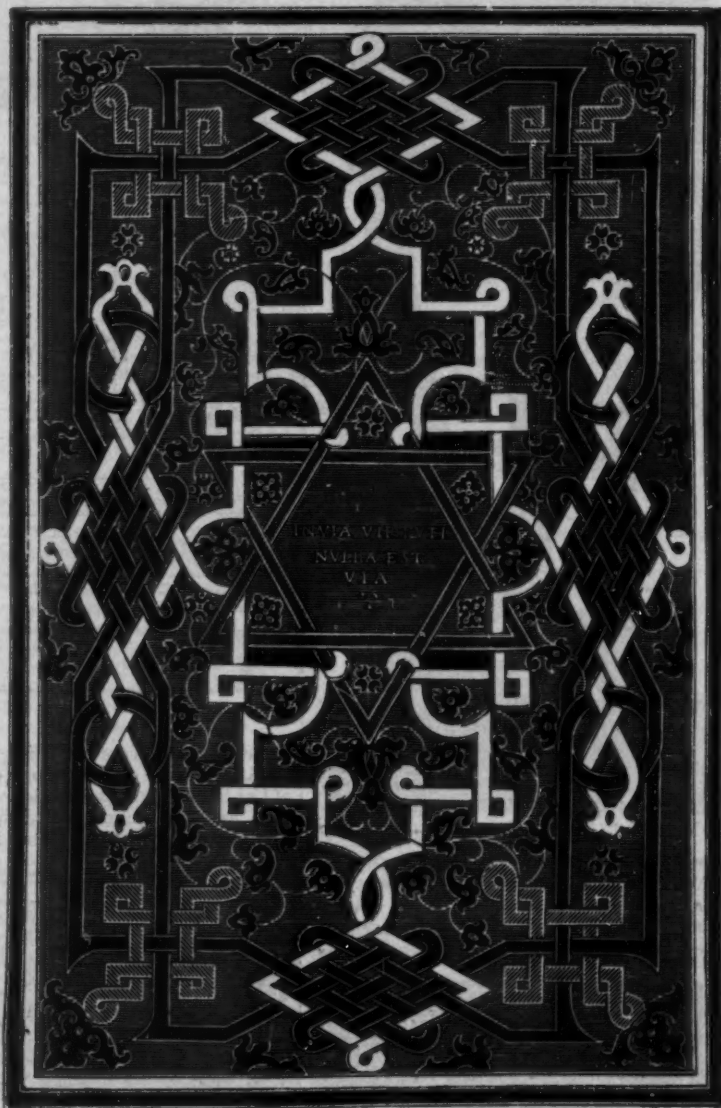
No. 4. CASTEL-DURANTE WARE: 1519.

18 inches high and 11 inches in diameter, and was bought, for £125, from the Soulages collection. The latter (No. 4), also a specimen of Castel-Durante



No. 5. TAIL-PIECE: MEDUSA'S HEAD.

Passing by the graceful little tail-piece (No. 5) of a Medusa's head between two harpies, we come to a rare and noble specimen of book-binding (No. 6), which, at first sight, will be pronounced to be from the library of "Count Grollier and his friends." It is, however, of a yet rarer and more perfect master,



No. 6. BOOK-BINDING: SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

himself a pupil or an admirer of Grollier. Louis de St. Maure, Marquis de Neale, who was a gentleman attached to the person of the Duke of Orleans, and an enlightened patron of the art. The volume represented is a folio copy of Livy: the date of the binding is 1545. It is from the Solar collection.

Our next cut (No. 7), representing a flambeau, or stand for supporting a torch, for religious service, is from the collection of the late Duc de Morny. It affords the



No. 7. JAPANESE FLAMBEAU-DEALER.

means of comparing Italian with Oriental Art, being of Japanese workmanship. It is, in its skeleton, wooden; but is covered with red lacquer of the description known as *tsi tcheoo*. The Japanese artists,



No. 8. TAIL-PIECE.

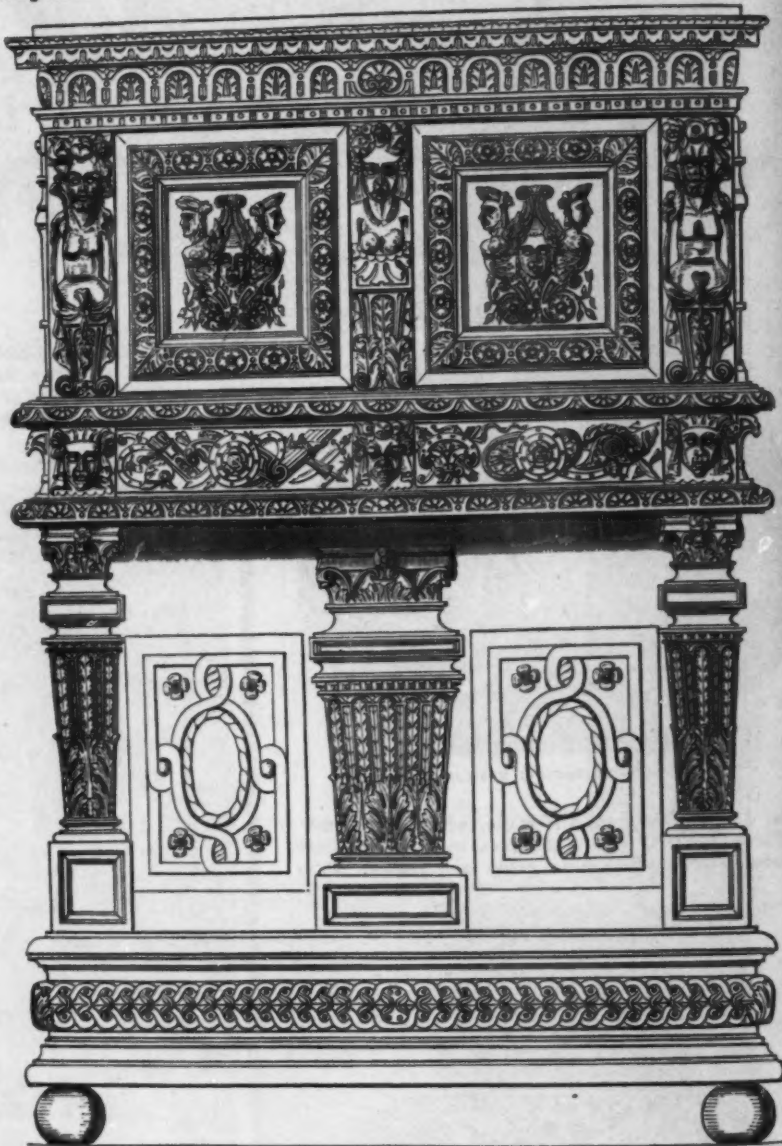
unapproachable as they are in the cunning of their craft, distinguish ten orders or descriptions of lacquer, commencing with the many-tinted gold, and descend-

ing to the plain black. They ornament with these substances not only wood, but china, and even metal.

The cabinet (No. 9) on this page is to be found in the South Kensington Museum: it is a specimen of bold, rather rude, carving

in chestnut, date 1560. In the cabinet itself, the double scroll-work on the base is the most graceful and satisfactory portion of the enrichment.

The engraving No. 10 does but scanty justice to one of the finest casts, of a similar



No. 9. CABINET: 1560.

nature, in the Museum, being taken from the lower frieze of the canopy of the tomb of Cardinal d'Amboise, in Rouen Cathedral. The great churchman died in 1510, and his monument was completed fifteen years

later. The architect was Roland le Roux, and he received the enormous premium of 80 francs for his design. The monument combines a Gothic effect with Renaissance details. It occupied the time



No. 10. FROM THE TOMB OF CARDINAL D'AMBOISE.

of Maître Pierre, master mason, at 1 livre per diem; two "ymaginaires," at 7 sous each; and eighteen stone-cutters, at 5 sous for five years, and cost £5,000. The varied effect of the *alto* and *basso-relievo* combined

in the arabesque composition is highly worthy of admiration and of study. The entire monument covers an area of 26 feet 6 inches by 19 feet 8 inches. It is executed in alabaster, marble, and stone.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

ITALY.—*Monument to Raffaele*.—To the prince of painters might fitly be applied Milton's matchless tribute to Shakspeare:—

"What needs my Shakspeare for his honour'd bones?
—The labour of an age, in piled stones," &c.

And up to the present day, his fame has had its "livelong monument" in his works alone, familiarised, as they have been, to all men, by the zealous ministration of the *burin*. In Italy, however, late as it now is after the *cinque cento*, a feeling has become rife, that it behoves them to raise up a special memorial to one who has reflected so much of glory's purest light upon his country. In his native Urbino, a project has, accordingly, been reduced into form to that end. It is proposed to erect there some great monumental homage to the memory of Sanzio—voluntary contributions are solicited to supply the requisite funds; and all lovers of Art, in every country, are invited to sympathetic subscription. It has been deemed expedient to set down five francs, or, let us say, five shillings English, as a standard donation; other sums, large or small, will be welcome as they may come; the name of each contributor to be registered on vellum, and displayed ever after among the archives of the Urbino Academy. Prince Humbert has given the sanction of his name to the undertaking; the work is to be the subject of ample artistic competition. It is not improbable that in England (England of the Cartoons) very many supporters of this *bona-fide* proceeding might be found; but to realise all that would be desired in the matter, it is clear that a recognised official place, wherein to pay subscriptions, and a duly authorised agency, must be established.

PARIS.—The month of October last was signalised by a most munificent bequest and transfer to the Louvre of a very valuable collection of pictures. The testator in this memorable transaction, M. Louis Lacaze, has been long and well known in Paris as an enthusiastic amateur. The son of a peer of France, and possessing an ample fortune, he indulged his ardent taste, and gradually became owner of six hundred works of high Art, having commenced, he it marked, by the purchase of a valuable picture by Chardin, from a *bric-à-brac* dealer on the quays, for the sum of fifteen francs. His ultimate collection, springing from this mustard-seed, became exceedingly copious in French productions of the last century—rich also in Flemish master-pieces, and in Velasquez and Zurbaran, a Tintoretto, two Titians, and a Salvator Rosa. His Flemish acquisitions were enriched by a noble Rubens portrait, by three works by Rembrandt, several by Teniers, Ostade, Snyders, Hondecoeters, Cuyt, and Jordans. In bequeathing to the Louvre this gallery, which has long been made familiar to amateurs of, and visitors to, the French metropolis, he did so with the distinct understanding, conveyed by his executors, that it was not to be broken up—with the exception of one hundred pictures, which were to be distributed among the Provincial Museums—but be honoured by a separate and special place of exhibition. This has, of course, met with a prompt acquiescence, and henceforth the Lacaze gallery will stand apart, amid the great associations to which it has been consigned. It has been roughly valued, the prevailing prices of pictures being considered, as worth 1,500,000 francs, or £60,000 sterling. There is an incident recorded in the life of M. Lacaze, which presents, let us call it, a *tableau vivant*—a subject from the life—reflecting credit upon him greater far than the collection and bequest of his picture gallery. It is this: he was educated for the medical profession, to which, however, he had no occasion to devote himself; but when the cholera descended upon Paris, in the year 1849, he converted his house into a temporary hospital for its victims, and, for three weeks of its raging visitation, he heroically devoted himself, night and day, to their aid and consolation.—In connection with the Art-Industrial Exhibition, which has just been closed in Paris, the "Union Central" Society very zealously took occasion to organise,

in the *Palais de l'Industrie*, a series of meetings of individuals of every country, who might have entertained a special interest in the objects of the exhibition, and who found themselves attracted to it, at the end of the month of September and the commencement of October. Much animated discussion took place in the assemblies thus convened (the International Congress), and a series of resolutions were adopted with considerable emphasis. Their essence, however, was to this simple effect, that, in order to place Art, in its connection with Manufacture, upon a valid and unfluctuating basis of principle, and to produce from this the most ample results, it was absolutely necessary that a sound system of instruction connected with it should be made a part of national education, and that a great normal school should be established, whence teachers, even in the primary instruction establishments, should draw the purest professional information. There can be very little doubt that this most important conclusion will be reduced into action in France, and if not emulated elsewhere, will conduce towards sustaining that general superiority in Art-manufacture, for which it has been so advantageously distinguished; but in regard to the permanence of which doubts have been recently seriously felt.

Carpeaux's Opera Group.—This most sinning of sculpture singularities has met with a fit retribution. It has received a stigma of unparalleled dishonour. The Government Fine Arts Administration has decided and decreed that it should no longer disgrace the front of the noble building with which it has had so untoward a temporary connection. It is to be forthwith removed. It seems, however, that all proceedings in regard to the unseemly group, except this, have been but little creditable to the parties in the case. In the first place, let it be repeated that this group, allegorically representing the refinements of dancing, is palpably the most vulgar embodiment of gross immodesty. It was, in the first instance, submitted to the inspection and judgment both of the Fine Art Administration and the architect—it was approved of by both; of that there is no room for doubt, inasmuch as it was erected in front of the building and in its permanent marble. What next? The public, with a better taste, led on by that "great unknown," whose flask of ink smote with such eloquent condemnation the peccant work, produced the change in its destination. The Administration has amicably confided to the same sculptor the commission of replacing it by another work on the same theme! and this he, in his professional pride, scorns to execute. What is the latest proceeding of the public authority? Neither more nor less than this—the indecent group is to be relegated into one of the large interior saloons of the theatre, and there set up, with all its iniquities on its head, in, as it were, a special cabinet of honour, for public study and the outrage of common decency. How applicable seems here the eloquent line in the *Marc Antony* oration:—

"Oh, judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason."

BERLIN.—A statue in memory of Shinkel, the distinguished Prussian architect, has recently been erected in front of the Architectural Academy in this city. It is a colossal bronze figure after the model by Drake, and stands on a pedestal of red granite, polished and mounted on a flight of steps. At the angles are figures representing Architecture, Sculpture, Painting, and Poetry.

NEW YORK.—A statue of Abraham Lincoln was unveiled on the 21st of October in Prospect Park. It is the work of Mr. H. K. Brown, and was erected by means of a dollar-subscription-fund, raised by citizens, without regard to party connection. The statue is of bronze, about nine feet high, and represents the figure of the late President standing, with the folds of a cloak draped about him: his left hand is extended, and holds a manuscript. The head is uncovered. The figure stands upon a base of Scotch granite. On the sides of the pedestal are various emblems and inscriptions. On the east and west, wreaths enclosing the letters "U. S. A." and "U. S. N." on the south, an eagle holding a shield, in the centre of which is a female with

an axe, and supported by a bundle of reeds, with the motto, "*Een draught maakt Maght*;" on the north is an eagle with a broken shackle in his talons.—The local journals speak in laudatory terms of a large picture which Victor Nehlig has nearly completed in his studio on Broadway. It tells a story of early American history, how Pocohontas, the "dearest daughter" of Powhatan, emperor of Appamatuck, rescued Captain John Smith, a famous English voyager in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, from the death to which her father had consigned him; shielding his body, by means of her own, from the hatchet of the executioner. The canvas is full of figures of the savage tribes decked out in all the bravery of gaudy beads, bright feathers, glittering shells, rich skins of animals, and painted limbs and faces; for the "court" of the monarch is present to witness the deed of murder. "In colour," says the *New York Evening Mail*, "even as the picture now stands, it is of startling power... The costumes and all other details have been carefully studied out by the painter, and in this respect, his work will bear close criticism." We have a "notion" this is not the first time the subject has been represented by an American artist.

VALPARAISO.—A public subscription is being made for a statue of the late Earl of Dundonald, better known, perhaps, as Lord Cochrane, the famous naval commander.

ART IN SCOTLAND AND THE PROVINCES.

EDINBURGH.—At the annual meeting of the Royal Scottish Academy, held on the 10th of December, the following Academicians were elected office-bearers for the ensuing year: Sir George Harvey, President; William Douglas, Secretary; Charles Lees, Treasurer; Kenneth Macleay and William Brodie, Auditors; James Drummond, Librarian; and Messrs. Macleay, Brodie, and Ross, Visitors to the Life School.—We regret to hear that Mr. D. O. Hill, R.S.A., has been forced, from ill-health and advanced years, to resign the secretaryship of the Academy. Our brief record of this eminent Scottish artist in a recent number would serve to show that no man in Scotland, perhaps in Britain, has done more than he to advance Art. The founder of Art-Union Societies, the inventor of the calotype process, he also succeeded in establishing the Scottish Academy on a firm basis, after a long struggle with the Board of Trustees; and Scottish artists know the value of his nearly forty years' devotion to their interest.—A movement has been made here for the purpose of erecting a statue of the late Rev. Dr. Chalmers, one of the most eloquent preachers of the present century.

GLASGOW.—The Art-Union of Glasgow have commissioned Mr. S. Bough to prepare four large water-colour drawings, which are to be balloted for in March next as prizes among the subscribers for the current year. The four pictures are all lake scenes—Loch Katrine, Loch Ard, Loch Lomond, and Loch Awe. The members' presentation work for this year is to be a chromo-lithograph, by Messrs. Macleay and Macdonald, of the drawing of Loch Ard.

CAMBRIDGE.—The Fitzwilliam Museum has recently acquired a picture, assumed to be by Murillo, and representing 'John the Baptist preaching in the Wilderness.' It was purchased of a member of the University for £110.

MANCHESTER.—The council of the Manchester Exhibition has awarded the prize of fifty guineas given "for the best picture" to Mr. Keeley Halswelle, A.R.S.A., for his 'Roba di Roma,' a scene in the Piazza Navina, Rome.

WIGTON.—Mr. Woolner has received a commission to execute four bas-reliefs for the fountain that Mr. George is now erecting in memory of his wife. The sculptures are to be of considerable size, and will represent acts of mercy which the deceased lady conspicuously exercised; namely, 'Feeding the Hungry,' 'Clothing the Naked,' 'Comforting the Afflicted,' 'Instructing the Ignorant.'

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And up to the present day, his fame has had its "livelong monument" in his works alone, familiarised, as they have been, to all men, by the zealous ministrations of the *burin*. In Italy, however, late as it now is after the *cinque cento*, a feeling has become rife, that it behoves them to raise up a special memorial to one who has reflected so much of glory's purest light upon his country. In his native Urbino, a project has, accordingly, been reduced into form to that end. It is proposed to erect there some great monumental homage to the memory of Sansio—voluntary contributions are solicited to supply the requisite funds; and all lovers of Art, in every country, are invited to sympathetic subscription. It has been deemed expedient to set down five francs, or, let us say, five shillings English, as a standard donation; other sums, large or small, will be welcome as they may come; the name of each contributor to be registered on vellum, and displayed ever after among the archives of the Urbino Academy. Prince Humbert has given the sanction of his name to the undertaking; the work is to be the subject of ample artistic competition. It is not improbable that in England (England of the Cartoons) very many supporters of this *bona-fide* proceeding might be found; but to realise all that would be desired in the matter, it is clear that a recognised official place, wherein to pay subscriptions, and a duly authorised agency, must be established.

PARIS.—The month of October last was signalised by a most munificent bequest and transfer to the Louvre of a very valuable collection of pictures. The testator in this memorable transaction, M. Louis Lacaze, has been long and well known in Paris as an enthusiastic amateur. The son of a peer of France, and possessing an ample fortune, he indulged his ardent taste, and gradually became owner of six hundred works of high Art, having commenced, be it marked, by the purchase of a valuable picture by Chardin, from a *bric-à-brac* dealer on the quays, for the sum of fifteen francs. His ultimate collection, springing from this mustard-seed, became exceedingly copious in French productions of the last century—rich also in Flemish master-pieces, and in Velasquez and Zurbaran, a Tintoretto, two Titians, and a Salvator Rosa. His Flemish acquisitions were enriched by a noble Rubens portrait, by three works by Rembrandt, several by Teniers, Ostade, Snyder, Hondeloeters, Cuyt, and Jordans. In bequeathing to the Louvre this gallery, which has long been made familiar to amateurs of, and visitors to, the French metropolis, he did so with the distinct understanding, conveyed by his executors, that it was not to be broken up—with the exception of one hundred pictures, which were to be distributed among the Provincial Museums—but be honoured by a separate and special place of exhibition. This has, of course, met with a prompt acquiescence, and henceforth the Lacaze gallery will stand apart, amid the great associations to which it has been consigned. It has been roughly valued, the prevailing prices of pictures being considered, as worth 1,500,000 francs, or £60,000 sterling. There is an incident recorded in the life of M. Lacaze, which presents, let us call it, a *tableau vivant*—a subject from the life—reflecting credit upon him greater far than the collection and bequest of his picture gallery. It is this: he was educated for the medical profession, to which, however, he had no occasion to devote himself; but when the cholera descended upon Paris, in the year 1849, he converted his house into a temporary hospital for its victims, and, for three weeks of its raging visitation, he heroically devoted himself, night and day, to their aid and consolation.—In connection with the Art-Industrial Exhibition, which has just been closed in Paris, the "Union Central" Society very zealously took occasion to organise,

in the *Palais de l'Industrie*, a series of meetings of individuals of every country, who might have entertained a special interest in the objects of the exhibition, and who found themselves attracted to it, at the end of the month of September and the commencement of October. Much animated discussion took place in the assemblies thus convened (the International Congress), and a series of resolutions were adopted with considerable emphasis. Their essence, however, was to this simple effect, that, in order to place Art, in its connection with Manufacture, upon a valid and unfluctuating basis of principle, and to produce from this the most ample results, it was absolutely necessary that a sound system of instruction connected with it should be made a part of national education, and that a great normal school should be established, whence teachers, even in the primary instruction establishments, should draw the purest professional information. There can be very little doubt that this most important conclusion will be reduced into action in France, and if not emulated elsewhere, will conduce towards sustaining that general superiority in Art-manufacture, for which it has been so advantageously distinguished; but in regard to the permanence of which doubts have been recently seriously felt.

Carpeaux's Opera Group.—This most sinning of sculpture singularities has met with a fit retribution. It has received a stigma of unparalleled dishonour. The Government Fine Arts Administration has decided and decreed that it should no longer disgrace the front of the noble building with which it has had so untoward a temporary connection. It is to be forthwith removed. It seems, however, that all proceedings in regard to the unseemly group, except this, have been but little creditable to the parties in the case. In the first place, let it be repeated that this group, allegorically representing the refinements of dancing, is palpably the most vulgar embodiment of gross immodesty. It was, in the first instance, submitted to the inspection and judgment both of the Fine Art Administration and the architect—it was approved of by both; of that there is no room for doubt, inasmuch as it was erected in front of the building and in its permanent marble. What next? The public, with a better taste, led on by that "great unknown," whose flask of ink smote with such eloquent condemnation the peccant work, produced the change in its destination. The Administration has amicably confided to the same sculptor the commission of replacing it by another work on the same theme! and this he, in his professional pride, scorns to execute. What is the latest proceeding of the public authority? Neither more nor less than this—the indecent group is to be relegated into one of the large interior saloons of the theatre, and there set up, with all its iniquities on its head, in, as it were, a special cabinet of honour, for public study and the outrage of common decency. How applicable seems here the eloquent line in the Marc Antony oration:—

"Oh, judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason."

BERLIN.—A statue in memory of Shinkel, the distinguished Prussian architect, has recently been erected in front of the Architectural Academy in this city. It is a colossal bronze figure after the model by Drake, and stands on a pedestal of red granite, polished and mounted on a flight of steps. At the angles are figures representing Architecture, Sculpture, Painting, and Poetry.

NEW YORK.—A statue of Abraham Lincoln was unveiled on the 21st of October in Prospect Park. It is the work of Mr. H. K. Brown, and was erected by means of a dollar-subscription-fund, raised by citizens, without regard to party connection. The statue is of bronze, about nine feet high, and represents the figure of the late President standing, with the folds of a cloak draped about him: his left hand is extended, and holds a manuscript. The head is uncovered. The figure stands upon a base of Scotch granite. On the sides of the pedestal are various emblems and inscriptions. On the east and west, wreaths enclosing the letters "U. S. A." and "U. S. N.:" on the south, an eagle holding a shield, in the centre of which is a female with

an axe, and supported by a bundle of reeds, with the motto, "*Ken draught maekt Maght*;" on the north is an eagle with a broken shackle in his talons.—The local journals speak in laudatory terms of a large picture which Victor Nehlig has nearly completed in his studio on Broadway. It tells a story of early American history, how Pocahontas, the "dearest daughter" of Powhatan, emperor of Appamatuck, rescued Captain John Smith, a famous English voyager in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, from the death to which her father had consigned him; shielding his body, by means of her own, from the hatchet of the executioner. The canvas is full of figures of the savage tribes decked out in all the bravery of gaudy beads, bright feathers, glittering shells, rich skins of animals, and painted limbs and faces; for the "court" of the monarch is present to witness the deed of murder. "In colour," says the *New York Evening Mail*, "even as the picture now stands, it is of startling power . . . The costumes and all other details have been carefully studied out by the painter, and in this respect, his work will bear close criticism." We have a "notion" this is not the first time the subject has been represented by an American artist.

VALPARAISO.—A public subscription is being made for a statue of the late Earl of Dundonald, better known, perhaps, as Lord Cochrane, the famous naval commander.

ART IN SCOTLAND AND THE PROVINCES.

EDINBURGH.—At the annual meeting of the Royal Scottish Academy, held on the 10th of December, the following Academicians were elected office-bearers for the ensuing year: Sir George Harvey, President; William Douglas, Secretary; Charles Lees, Treasurer; Kenneth Macleay and William Brodie, Auditors; James Drummond, Librarian; and Messrs. Macleay, Brodie, and Ross, Visitors to the Life School.—We regret to hear that Mr. D. O. Hill, R.S.A., has been forced, from ill-health and advanced years, to resign the secretaryship of the Academy. Our brief record of this eminent Scottish artist in a recent number would serve to show that no man in Scotland, perhaps in Britain, has done more than he to advance Art. The founder of Art-Union Societies, the inventor of the calotype process, he also succeeded in establishing the Scottish Academy on a firm basis, after a long struggle with the Board of Trustees; and Scottish artists know the value of his nearly forty years' devotion to their interest.—A movement has been made here for the purpose of erecting a statue of the late Rev. Dr. Chalmers, one of the most eloquent preachers of the present century.

GLASGOW.—The Art-Union of Glasgow have commissioned Mr. S. Bough to prepare four large water-colour drawings, which are to be balloted for in March next as prizes among the subscribers for the current year. The four pictures are all lake scenes—Loch Katrine, Loch Ard, Loch Lomond, and Loch Awe. The members' presentation work for this year is to be a chromo-lithograph, by Messrs. MacLure and Macdonald, of the drawing of Loch Ard.

CAMBRIDGE.—The Fitzwilliam Museum has recently acquired a picture, assumed to be by Murillo, and representing 'John the Baptist preaching in the Wilderness.' It was purchased of a member of the University for £110.

MANCHESTER.—The council of the Manchester Exhibition has awarded the prize of fifty guineas given "for the best picture" to Mr. Keeley Halswelle, A.R.S.A., for his 'Roba di Roma,' a scene in the Piazza Navina, Rome.

WIGTON.—Mr. Woolner has received a commission to execute four bas-reliefs for the fountain that Mr. George is now erecting in memory of his wife. The sculptures are to be of considerable size, and will represent acts of mercy which the deceased lady conspicuously exercised; namely, 'Feeding the Hungry,' 'Clothing the Naked,' 'Comforting the Afflicted,' 'Instructing the Ignorant.'

CELEBRATED CHURCHES OF EUROPE.

No. I.—WESTMINSTER ABBEY.*

THERE is no sacred edifice in the world which an educated Englishman enters with deeper feelings of profound veneration than the Abbey of Westminster. It is not more the gorgeous architecture of the building that inspires him, than it is the historic associations which are so closely interwoven with its annals. For ages its doors have been opened to the yet uncrowned monarch, accompanied by a court and retinue as brilliant as the world can show, to

have the seal of kingly dignity set upon his head; and its walls have received all that remains of royalty when the sceptre has been broken, and the "crown has fallen from his brow." It is an edifice which the living have traversed for centuries: it is as grand a mausoleum of the dead as Christendom can show. Nor is it to Englishmen only that Westminster Abbey is an object of contemplative admiration. Foreigners resort to it as to a shrine of beauty, and the last resting-place of those whose names are blazoned on the records of time. Americans regard it with as much reverence as we ourselves do; and Washington Irving has made it the subject of a poetically-written chapter in his "Sketch-

of Dean Stanley, in his history of the Abbey, may have led him to fix the origin of the first church, we do not know; but the general assumption has hitherto been, that Saebryht, or Sebert, king of the East Saxons, built here a church about the year 608 and dedicated it to St. Peter. Sebert was converted to Christianity by the preaching of Mellitus, one of the companions of St. Augustine: the king and his wife, Athelgoda, were buried in the church, which appears to have been afterwards called West Minster—whence the origin of the name of the city—from its position with regard to St. Paul's, the metropolitan church of the East Saxons. Sebert's edifice is stated to have been destroyed by the Danes about the time of Alfred, and the site remained desolate till the reign of Edgar, about the year 969; he caused the church to be rebuilt, and established there a Benedictine Priory, or abbey, of twelve monks, who were, however, not very liberally provided for. Nevertheless the church itself was held in high repute, for the body of Harold I., son of Canute, who died at Oxford in 1040, was taken there for burial. A few years after, Edward the Confessor rebuilt the Abbey-church with considerable magnificence, and in a style then prevalent in Normandy, appropriating to the work "a tenth part of his entire substance, as well in gold, silver, and cattle, as in all his other possessions." It was consecrated on the day of the Holy Innocents, 1065; and on the 12th of January following, the king was buried with great pomp before the high altar; Editha, his queen, daughter of Earl Godwin, was also interred here.

In 1245 Henry III. caused Edward's church to be taken down, and another erected in its place in the elegant and lofty style adopted in almost all ecclesiastical buildings of the period throughout Europe; but it was not completed till long after the king's death: he had previously built, on the site adjoining, a new Lady-chapel. The work was continued by Edward I., and carried on by different abbots till the reign of Henry VII., who took down the "Lady-chapel," erected by his predecessor, and substituted for it the splendid chapel of the Florid Gothic, or Tudor, style, which has ever since borne his name. This was the last important addition to, or alteration in, the sacred edifice till the early part of the last century, when the western towers were rebuilt under the direction of Sir Christopher Wren, who unquestionably had greater knowledge of Italian architecture than of Gothic: his work added neither dignity nor beauty to the glorious old Abbey.

The dates of the respective portions of the abbey are given as follows in Gwilt's "Encyclopædia of Architecture."—In 1250, Henry III. erected the nave, choir, and aisles; in 1300, Edward I. added the transept; and in 1490, Henry VII. the "Lady-chapel," which is illustrated in the annexed engraving. It would be difficult to find in any ecclesiastical or secular edifice in the world a more chaste, yet gorgeous, example of Tudor architecture than this, which, whether viewed externally or internally, has been the subject of universal admiration with every writer upon the Art from its earliest completion to the present time. It seems as if man had exercised his highest genius, to show how nobly the builder's Art might be employed in the service of the Creator. Every portion of the chapel is of exquisite workmanship, and the whole exhibits perfect harmonious arrangement of the several parts.



Book." "The spaciousness and gloom of this vast edifice," he says, "produce a profound and mysterious awe. We step cautiously and softly about, as if fearful of disturbing the hallowed silence of the tomb; while every foot-fall whispers along the walls, and chatters among the sepulchres, making us more sensible of the quiet we have interrupted. It seems as if the awful nature of the place presses down upon the soul, and hushes the beholder into noiseless reverence. We find that we are surrounded by the congregated bones of the great men of past times who have filled history with their deeds, and the earth with their renown."

* The engravings which accompany this series of papers have been obtained from MM. Mame et Fils, Tours.

At the period when the first authenticated church was erected where the Abbey now stands, the ground was a low marshy tract of uncultivated insular land, formed by an arm of the Thames, and called by the Saxons "Thornege," or "The Isle of Thorns." According to one tradition, for which there appears no reasonable foundation, the apostle St. Peter visited Britain, and erected a small oratory, or chapel, here. Another is, that the first ecclesiastical structure was built some years later, by King Lucius, who is said to have reigned in Britain about the latter part of the second century, and who erected a church from the ruins of a heathen temple, dedicated to Apollo, which had been overthrown by an earthquake. At what date the researches

No. II.—BURGOS CATHEDRAL.

BURGOS, though still retaining the honour of ranking as the capital city of Old Castile, shows little except architecture to tell of its former opulence and grandeur. When the Emperor Charles V. removed the seat of royalty from Burgos to Madrid, at the commencement of the sixteenth century, the prosperity of the former place began rapidly to decline. Yet in this its hour of decay, Burgos is a city of absorbing interest to the antiquarian and archaeologist: situated in the centre of a fertile and beautiful country, made memorable by the recollections of its former glory, and standing on the declivity of a considerable elevation, its Gothic monuments, its palaces adorned with arabesques, its gloomy-looking monasteries and picturesque houses, cannot fail to invite attention. Narrow and tortuous streets show at every step the remains of departed power and wealth: on one side or another as the visitor traverses them he sees feudal residences with walls as thick as those of a fortress, or mansions which the Art of the sixteenth century decorated with a thousand light and elegant ornaments. Historically, Burgos holds almost paramount interest in the mind of every true Spaniard: at the Castle of Bivar, situated about two leagues from the city, was born, in about the middle of the eleventh century, the famous Castilian hero, the Campeador, or Cid, whose adventures are nearly as much involved in fable and romance as those of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. His life was a continuous warfare with the Moors, and has been made the subject of innumerable romances and ballads by Spanish writers. Our own charming lyricist, Mrs. Hemans, has left us several spirited "Songs of the Cid;" one of these, entitled "The Cid's Departure into Exile," commences thus:—

"With sixty knights in his gallant train,
Went forth the Campeador of Spain;
For wild sierras and plains afar,
He left the lands of his own Bivar.

To march o'er field, and to watch in tent,
From his home in good Castile he went;
To the wasting siege and the battle's van,—
For the noble Cid was a banished man!"

Tradition says that the last engagement in which the Cid took part, if the expression may be used on such an occasion, was after his death. The Moors had besieged Valencia, where he died; and the Spaniards, having placed the body in the armour worn by the living chief, set it on his war-horse, and went out of the city to attack the foe, who were defeated with terrible slaughter. Mrs. Hemans describes the event in a poem called "The Cid's Funeral Procession," which ends with these stanzas:—

"The field and the river grew darkly red,
As the kings and leaders of Afric fled!
There was work for the men of the Cid that day!—
They were weary at eve, when they ceased to slay,
As reapers whose task is done!

"The kings and the leaders of Afric fled!
The sails of their galleys in haste were spread;
But the sea had its share of the Paynim-slain,
And the bow of the desert was broke in Spain:—
So the Cid to his grave passed on!"

Leaving our readers who may care to learn more of this famous warrior to consult Southey's "Chronicle of the Cid," we pass on to our immediate subject, "The Cathedral of Burgos. It was commenced in 1221, during the reign of Ferdinand II., whom the Spaniards are accustomed to call St. Ferdinand, but it was not completely finished till the sixteenth century: the Bishop of Burgos, who founded the edifice, was, according to contemporaneous chroni-

clers, a friend of the king, and the latter gave to the work great assistance. On entering the cathedral the eye is somewhat dazzled by the preponderance of light, arising from the whiteness of the stone of which it is built, and the absence of stained-glass. The large lantern of the octagonal dome over the transept contributes largely to expand the light throughout the edifice: the dome itself is bold in construction, and is entirely covered with ornaments and heraldic blazonry. The transept is brilliantly rich with decorative details, so elegant that the Castilians speak of it as "the work of angels."

The architectural character of the cath-

edral, generally, is that of the advanced pointed style of the thirteenth century, as in the cases of the Cathedrals of Toledo and Leon. The unusually good example of mediæval pointed work afforded by the cloisters is, according to Mr. Street, of the date 1280—1350, rather than 1379—80, the period at which they are said to have been executed. The elegant towers and spires, by Juan de Colonia, date 1442—56. The range of chapels at the eastern end of the church, including that of the Velasco family, which is quite *flamboyant*, are of the latter end of the fifteenth century, and were, in all probability, executed by Simon de Colonia. Among the whole of the



chapels of the cathedral that of the Velascos, an illustrious family in whom the office of Constable of Castile was hereditary, is by far the most magnificent: it is large, and decorated with much splendour. The sculptures are by Jean de Bourgoyne, who, in his capacity of architect, constructed the Gothic canopy under which is placed the tomb of the Velascos: the subjects of the principal sculptures are—the Agony in the Garden of Gethsemane, Christ bearing his Cross, the Crucifixion, the Resurrection, and the Ascension. At the foot of the altar lie the remains of Pedro Fernandez de Velasco, founder of the chapel, who died in 1492; and those of his wife, Mencía Lopez de Mendoza, who

died in 1500. Another fine monument is that of the Archbishop Luis de Acuña of Osorio; a prelate to whom is ascribed the honour of having erected one of the noble towers that adorn the façade of the cathedral. The tomb is in the chapel dedicated to St. Anne; on it rests an effigy of the archbishop in full ecclesiastical robes: the figure is accompanied by four others representing respectively the four cardinal virtues.

In almost every part of the cathedral the visitor will find much to attract his attention, especially in the richness of the principal altar and the carved-work that encloses the choir.

JAMES DAFFORNE.

OBITUARY.

FREDERICK OVERBECK.

THE death of this distinguished artist, the founder of the modern German school of religious painting, is reported to have taken place in Rome, in November last. He had reached the advanced age of ninety years.

In the *Art-Journal* for 1864, there appears an engraved portrait of Overbeck, with a sketch of his career up to that period. Since then our columns have on numerous occasions referred to him and his works; but especially so in the series of illustrated papers on him, and his contemporaries of the German school, published in 1865. Our task, therefore, at the present time is to gather up some scattered fragments of what has been already said, and record them to his honoured memory; for Overbeck's name is one to be revered by every lover of high Art, though all may not share in what appears to have been his fundamental belief, that Art does not exist for its own sake, but only to subserve the cause of religion.

He was born at Lubeck, in 1789; and at an early age went to Vienna, about 1806 or 1808, to learn and practise painting. The teaching of the Viennese Academy found, however, but little sympathy with a mind influenced by new ideas and principles concerning the true aim and object of Art—new, that is to say, to the professors in the Academy, who had grown old in the path trodden by their predecessors, and were unwilling to be re-schooled into, to them, novel principles. Among a large body of the most promising of his fellow-students, his views met with warm response; so much so that they showed their gratitude and pleasure by entertaining the re-actionary artist at a public funeral. We use the word "re-actionary," because Overbeck's idea was to assimilate modern Art to the high and pure feeling of some of the old painters.

In 1810 he went to Rome, which henceforth was to be his place of residence, and where, during many years, he held the post of Professor of Painting, in the Academy of St. Luke. In Rome he soon found himself surrounded by not a few of those enthusiastic students who had fraternised with him in Vienna; men who have since left their pictorial mark upon the continent of Europe—Cornelius, Veit, Schadow, Schnorr, Vogel, Eggers, Fohr, and many others. The works executed by these revivalists have, mostly, become universally known by means of engravings. No small number are painted in fresco; Overbeck's principal productions are in this medium, yet he painted numerous oil-pictures. A list of all he has left behind him would form a very long catalogue; yet we may point out specially his 'Vision of St. Francis,' in the Church of S. Maria degli Angeli, Assisi; 'The Holy Family,' painted for Count Von Schömborn; five compositions from Tasso's 'Jerusalem delivered,' in the villa of the Marchese Massini; these are all frescoes. Among his oil-pictures the most important, perhaps, are—'Christ on the Mount of Olives,' in Hamburg; 'The Entrance of Christ into Jerusalem,' and 'The Descent from the Cross'—both, if we mistake not, now in the painter's native town, Lubeck; 'The Triumph of Religion in the Arts,' in the Stadel Institute, Frankfurt; 'The Marriage of the Virgin,' 'Elijah's Ascent into Heaven,' admirably engraved by Ruscheweyh; 'Death of St. Joseph,' &c. &c.

No small number of Overbeck's ideas were carried only beyond simple drawings; such as his forty designs of 'The Life of

Christ,' 'Christ blessing little Children,' well-known from engravings; 'John the Baptist preaching in the Wilderness,' 'Raising the Widow's Son at Nain,' 'The Gathering of the Manna,' &c. &c.

Personally Overbeck was a man of singularly grave aspect; combined, however, with much sweetness of expression; he might have been taken as a modern type of Fra. Angelico or Fra. Bartolomeo. Eminently a pietist, his works bear the stamp of the most sincere piety and integrity of heart, and are endowed with a charm and grace rarely seen but in the conceptions of Raffaele himself.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of "THE ART-JOURNAL."

RELICS OF CHARLES I.

SIR.—In an interesting article on the "Relics of Charles I." in the November number of the *Art-Journal*, it is stated that very few of the king's autographs remain. I beg to inform you that one is in my possession, contained in a warrant for the delivery of army-clothing, of which the following is a copy.

JOHN DOUTTY.

Hampstead Hill Gardens, Nov. 1869.

"CHARLES R.

"Whereas you have made provision of great number of clothes, shoes, and stockings, for the clothing of the several regiments of foot of our army. Our will and pleasure is that you forthwith cause all the said clothes, shoes, and stockings to be delivered unto such person as shall be appointed to receive the same, by our right right trusty and wellbeloved Cosen Patrick, Earl of Forth, Lieutenant General of our army, to be disposed as hee shall direct. And for your so doing this shall be your warrant.

"Given at our Court at Oxford this Sixteenth of July, 1643.

"To our trusty and wellbeloved Thomas Bushell, Esq., one of the Wardens of our Mint."

SIR.—There is a slight inaccuracy as regards the quotation made in your November number relative to the king's walking cane and the ring, as the following statement will show:—The tale is exclusively confined to the former only: the account was made and confirmed to me by the late Mr. Thomas Cooke, a relative of my wife's. There was an account of the same purport published in *The Gentleman's Magazine* of 1846, with an engraving of the cane-head; and the head itself is now in the possession of W. M. Cooke, Esq., Wimpole Street, with the late Mr. Cooke's statement attached to it:—

"This ivory head, inlaid with silver, the top of which unscrews, and forms a scent-box, formerly attached to a cane (now lost), was given by King Charles I., when a prisoner in Carisbrook Castle, to an ancestor of mine, who was then (as it appears from an old book in my possession, containing a pedigree of my family) master gunner of that castle and of the Isle of Wight. That the officer treated his royal captive kindly may be inferred, not only from the present made to him by the king, but from the following anecdote related to me by my father, who heard it from his father:—The gunner had a little son who was a great favourite with Charles, and often amused his solitary hours; one day seeing the boy with a child's sword by his side, the king asked him what he meant to do with it? 'Please your Majesty to defend your Majesty against your Majesty's enemies,' was the gallant little hero's reply, with which, as it may be supposed, the monarch was much gratified, and then probably presented the cane above described."

H. D. COLE.

Isle of Wight,
December, 1869.

THE ANGEL OF LIGHT.

FROM THE SCULPTURE BY J. EDWARDS.

It can scarcely have escaped the observation of those who have carefully examined the engravings which, at various times, we have introduced from the works of Mr. Edwards, that he is a sculptor of deep thought, and possesses elevated ideas of his Art. The term "spiritual," so frequently applied to the compositions of many of the old painters, is equally suitable to the majority of his productions: they breathe an atmosphere such as we believe to be inhaled by the world of spirits, and speak in a language not of the "earth, earthy."

The engraving now placed before our readers is from a work fully entitled to rank in this category. It is from a bas-relief, in marble, forming a portion of a monument erected in the church of Bryn-coed-Ivor, near Dolgelly, North Wales, to the memory of the Rev. Evan Charles Owen, first incumbent of that church, who, "in the singularly happy noontide of his ministerial career, was, after a brief illness, removed from it, and from a home endeared to him by a loving wife and the affection of a young family." This bereaved widow—a member of one of the old county families in the district, and a lady of true but unobtrusive excellence—caused this tribute to be raised to her departed husband, and nothing more beautiful of its kind could have been offered.

The purport of the design is, as it would seem, to bring some faint gleam of the light of heaven to illumine the dark clouds of sorrow caused by the early bereavement of one so loved as he whom the monument commemorates. This is expressed by the "Angel of Light" appearing in celestial radiance amid the emblematic clouds of grief which envelop the tomb; and there, while floating calmly above the quiet resting-place of the departed, with the star of faith glowing over his head, we may imagine the angel uttering words of holiest consolation and hope, as she points upward to that bright and happy region where the separated may be reunited for ever, and the most pure and perfect joy shall be their eternal portion. The olive and palm branches in the left hand symbolise respectively "divine love" and the "victory" over the grave consequent on that love. On the upper part of the tomb is the monogram of the Redeemer supported by the Greek letters Alpha and Omega; the whole enclosed in a wreath of olive: all well-known Christian types.

It was thus symbolically the early Christians memorialised their dead, as may yet be seen in the ancient catacombs of Rome and elsewhere. Rude and unartistic as these monuments and mortuary devices are, they have a definite and comprehensive meaning; they are eloquent of faith, hope, and charity; they declare an unfaltering belief in the doctrines and teachings of Christianity, hope in the promises and rewards held out in sacred writ, and charity—the greatest of the three—that works in and through love. Such memorials, simple as they may be, are more impressive, more nearly allied with humble trust, and far more applicable to the occasion, than the unmeaning designs and laudatory epitaphs we are accustomed to see in our churches and cemeteries.

The sculpture is most delicately executed in the finest Carrara marble: the bas-relief stands nearly five feet in height.



DRAWN BY F. R. ROFFE.

ENGRAVED BY R. A. ARTLETT.

THE ANGEL OF LIGHT.

FROM A MONUMENT BY J. EDWARDS.
TO THE LATE REV EVAN CHARLES OWEN, NORTH WALES.

LONDON, VIRTUE & CO



THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

On the 10th of December the Royal Academy distributed prizes to the students:—

For the best Historical Painting: the subject, 'Ulysses and the Nurse'—the gold medal, books, and a scholarship of 25*l.* to Frederick Trevelyan Goodall.

For the best Historical Group in Sculpture: the subject, 'Hercules strangling Antaeus'—the gold medal, books, and a scholarship of 25*l.* to Thomas Brock.

A gold medal, with books, also awarded in the same class, to Horace Montford.

For the best Design in Architecture: the subject, a design for a theatre—the gold medal, books, and a scholarship of 25*l.* to Henry L. Florence.

For the best Painting of a Coast Scene: the subject, 'After a Storm: time, Daws'—the Turner gold medal to William Lionel Wyllie.

For the best Copy made in the School of Painting of a portrait by Van Dyke—the silver medal to William Geddy.

For the best Drawing from Life—the silver medal, with books, to Frederick Trevelyan Goodall.

For the second-best Drawing from the Life—the silver medal to Frederick George Cotman.

For a Model from Life—the second silver medal to Thomas Brock.

For the best Drawing from the Antique—the silver medal, with books, to William Edward Miller.

For the second-best Drawing from the Antique—the silver medal to Howard Goodall.

For the third-best Drawing from the Antique—the silver medal to Walter L. Bromley.

For the best Model from the Antique—the silver medal, with books, to William White.

For the second-best Model from the Antique—the silver medal to Frederick Winter.

For the third-best Model from the Antique—the silver medal to Robert Stock.

For the best Restoration of the Torso Belvidere—the silver medal to William White.

For the best Architectural Drawing of the garden front of Bridgewater House—the silver medal and books to Merton M. Glover.

For the second-best Architectural Drawing—the silver medal to George Stanley Rees.

The one year travelling studentship in architecture, to Henry L. Florence.

The two years travelling studentship in sculpture, to Henry Wiles.

The 10*l.* premium for a Drawing executed in the Antique school during the year, to Howard Goodall.

The President delivered the annual address.

He gave a lengthened history of the Institution from its foundation—a very needless task, inasmuch as every student is familiar with the subject.

His counsel comprehended nothing new.

He advised the students to "study nature;" to attend to perspective and anatomy; to imbue their minds with the works of great predecessors; and gave them the information that there was to be an exhibition of the works of ancient masters, and that the schools were to be at length made of some value to Art.

The President was not quite so happy when he asked if any body of men except artists (excepting, that is to say, the members of the Royal Academy) gave their services gratuitously to the public.

"Do we hear of such disinterested zeal," asked Sir Francis, "in any other profession? Do judges, or men of science, or skillful physicians devote their time gratuitously to the education of the young?"

Surely the President cannot have given a thought to the many scientific institutions throughout the kingdom, or to the numerous hospitals in England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, where surgeons and physicians are in constant attendance without fee or reward.

He might have known that no constituted body, public or private, does so little as the Royal Academy for the extending professional knowledge and educating the young.

To the income the Royal Academy has this year received from its Exhibition the President makes no reference: probably it falls little short of £20,000.

To whom much is given, from him much is expected. Neither did the President give any reason why but two candidates will be, on the 30th of the present month, elected A.R.A. out of perhaps fifty equally worthy of admission, who stand without in the cold waiting.

In a word, the Royal Academy will graciously and generously continue—to do nothing.

The election of James Sant, Esq., to full honours on the 15th December cannot but give entire satisfaction to the profession and the public.

M. Gallait, the renowned Belgian painter, and M. Guillaume, sculptor, of France, MM. Meissonnier and Gérôme, painters, of France, M. Viollet le Duc, architect, of France, and M. Henriquel Dupont, engraver, of France, were elected honorary foreign members.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

THE EIGHTH WINTER EXHIBITION OF SKETCHES AND STUDIES.

THIS exhibition maintains almost as a matter of course its high character, want of novelty being, (in fact, its chief fault. Yet interest always arises out of curiosity as to what some of the least tried Associates may attempt, such as Pinwell or Powell, and we are almost sure to get ideas and methods new, good, or strange, from Walker, Boyce, Alfred Hunt, Lamont, and Smallfield. We are sorry that nothing comes from Mr. Holman Hunt, who, indeed, has never proved himself prolific. On the whole, the practice of making, or at least of exhibiting, "sketches and studies" seems at increasing discount. Artists evidently prefer to be judged by finished products, which, however, often call for little more than patience; while the public have a delight in "sketches" cleverly thrown off, and "studies" which show a painter's first thoughts or progressive steps in arriving at mature results. In these winter exhibitions we had at first been taught to look for scraps from portfolios which might not otherwise see the light; and for such interesting and suggestive fruits of sketching tours we have this year to thank Mr. Holland, Mr. Richardson, Mr. Alfred Fripp, Mr. John Gilbert, Mr. Birket Foster, Mr. Carl Haag, and others.

Mr. Gilbert might surely have spared us 'Jack Cade with his Mob, the Filth and Scum of Kent, and the Clerk of Chatham,' a descriptive title which the painter has carried out almost with revolting literalness. Mr. Gilbert, however, becomes once more true to his better self in a masterly drawing, the 'Outpost,' which for character, colour, and handling, is supremely strong. In 'Boys bearing Grapes' drawn and coloured after the manner of Rubens, the same artist again shows with what success he can rival the Flemish school. Carl Haag, one of the most voluminous of exhibitors, puts beyond doubt his skill as a sketcher by a drawing, strange to say, not at all doctored: 'A Warrior' is spirited, the touch of the pencil has off-hand freedom. 'The Temple of Jupiter at Athens, the Acropolis in the distance' the writer knows, and is bound to say, that white marble is not usually coloured with brown in the shadows, neither does the Parthenon commonly thus thrust itself into sight. The artist seeks effect at the cost of topographic accuracy. Yet very masterly is a companion sketch by Mr. Haag, 'The Interior of the Odeon of Herodias Atticus, at Athens.' Few artists are so sure of their results, or can put upon paper an intricate subject with so much certitude. Mr. Watson and Mr. Lundgren, we are sorry to observe, are in a poor way; the drawings of these notoriously clever artists have become black, crude, and artificial. Mr. Watson's best, 'Fishermen's Cottages, Cultercoats,' gives sign of the artistic talent he still undoubtedly possesses. Of Mr. Topham, Mr. Smallfield, and Mr. Frederick Tayler there is little fresh to say: all three have become so cleverly mannered as seldom to care to be simple. 'The Great Staircase in the Charterhouse,' by Mr. Smallfield, has the merit of being a literal study; and it is long since Mr. Tayler has been so near to truth as in 'The Interior of a Stable in the Isle of Skye.'

The Associates, as a rule, come out in greater strength and fulness than the Members: they are, in fact, all represented, and three of their number, viz., Mr. Collingwood, Mr. Jackson, and Mr. Smallfield, have contributed no fewer than fifteen drawings each; whereas among the full members, Mr. Burton, Mr. Burne Jones, Mr. Glennie, Mr. W. Goodall, and Mr. S. Palmer, have not sent a single work. Of the Associates neither Mr. Johnson nor Mr. Shields realises the expectations former works have raised. 'An Out-of-doors Portrait' by the former, is careful and detailed, but poor in colour, and the artist obtains no adequate result for his pains. The large heads by Mr. Shields of 'Night,' 'Day,' and 'Sappho,' are absolutely

obnoxious, and the more is the pity, because the artist gave promise of a high style in this direction. He must go diligently back to nature, otherwise he will find himself beyond redemption. Mr. Lamont, though as usual unequal, makes steady progress: 'The Orchard by the Sea,' notwithstanding its opacity and the awkwardness of its composition, is a charming drawing; the children have beauty, and the whole scene bears the pleasant aspect of country life. In execution and general style Mr. Lamont bears resemblance to Mr. Walker and Mr. Pinwell, than whom there are no more remarkable contributors to the gallery, whether for merit or eccentricity. 'The Last Load,' by Mr. Pinwell, is too hot in colour: the artist views nature through a pair of yellow spectacles; but his forms are decisive, and his figures strong in naturalism and depth of expression. The peasants in this composition have almost the character of Jules Bréton. But to our mind the most remarkable figure-picture in the room is that which obtains a like central place on the opposite screen, 'A Lady in a Garden,' by F. Walker—a drawing unexampled for detail and colour. The autumn flower-garden shines as a tapestry spangled with brilliants, and the consummation is gained by correct drawing and dexterous brush, rather than by exceptional elaboration. The material used seems more allied to *tempera* than to what used to be accepted as legitimate water-colour. Whether there be on the whole surface the smallest portion of transparent pigment may be doubted. Yet the effect is the reverse of disagreeable. On the whole, the use of opaque colour increases among the Members of the Old Water-Colour Society: they, in fact, care little whether the colour be transparent or opaque, provided it gains the end in view.

The landscape-sketches are far in excess of the figure-studies, a fact which seems to indicate that figure-painters have little to show short of perfected works. On the contrary, did space permit, there are upwards of thirty landscape or marine subjects worthy of note. Some we may at once dismiss with the reverse of commendation, such as various extravagant and weak sea-pieces by Mr. Andrews. For the treatment of coast and sea, much more truthful and artistic are the drawings of Mr. Alfred Hunt, Mr. Powell, and Mr. Davidson. The last exhibits 'A Rough Sea,' true and grand in its toss, splash, and weight of breaking storm-waves on the shore. The artist will do well to devote himself more to this line of subject. Mr. Alfred Hunt exhibits drawings of playful waves under smart breezes; his love for ocean may have led him to his yachting cruise in the Mediterranean, from which we may look for pleasing results—towards the spring. The studies of Mr. Powell maintain that truth-seeking yet poetic character which has won for him from the first a position in this gallery. Yet the sunset glow he has cast 'On the Hills, Loch Houra,' is too garish; the light and colour are plastered on coarsely. More delicate and altogether lovely are 'Skelmorlie, on the Clyde,' and 'Morning Mists—October.' We trust this artist may preserve his fresh and truth-seeing eye for nature, a hope which may be almost vain, considering how soon painters are spoiled by success.

The students of landscape are for the most part content to exhibit what they can repeat with least study. Thus Messrs. Whittaker, Jackson, Dodgson, Richardson, succeed in serving up old materials, and no progress can be registered. Mr. Naftel, we think, learns to bring together his too scattered materials: his drawings this winter gain in tone and unity. Mr. Newton, who has never quite fulfilled the anticipations he once raised, ever and anon proves himself an artist of true poetic insight, as witness 'A Study for a Picture,' on an autumnal evening, in North Britain. In like manner, Mr. Alfred Hunt, who sometimes gets wrong and falls into confusion over subjects involving too much complexity, has thoroughly mastered a wide stretch of plain and mountain, wherein is planted a 'Cromlech'; the management of successive distances is here most skilful, and the colour, as usual with this artist, is subtle and complex in its relative harmonies.

Mr. Boyce still appeals to an audience fit, though few, among whom we wish to be permitted to rank ourselves. 'The Sphinx—a study made on the spot,' we recognise as conscientious even to its pictorial prejudice, and a sketch of another subject which has fallen under our observation, 'The Tomb of Castelbarco, Verona,' known to all readers of Mr. Ruskin, is praiseworthy for literal truth. This drawing reconciles architectural with pictorial requirements—a praise which may be extended to Mr. Burgess's 'Interior of a Church, Abbeville,' a difficult subject managed all but faultlessly. Passing from churches to cattle, we have little to remark upon Mr. Brittan Willis and Mr. Basil Bradley; the former needs to mitigate his colour, the latter to diminish his scale: even the cleverest men persist in giving the public too much of a good thing.

Little remains to be said of styles so irrevocably established as those of Mr. Holland, Mr. Branwhite, Mr. T. Danby, Mr. Alfred Fripp, and Mr. George Fripp. Mr. Holland possesses an exceptional faculty of making either an off-hand sketch on the spot, such as 'The Tyrol,' or of painting a high-flown reverie, like 'The Fisherman's Song.' Mr. Charles Branwhite becomes less mannered; indeed, he now reaches to a solid, though still opaque, grandeur, which few artists of our time can rival. Mr. T. Danby's style, though different, is scarcely less fixedly set in monotony of sentiment. Yet, to our eye, surpassing in loveliness is 'The Vale of Nant Gwynant.' The concord of lines, colour, and tone is truly delicious. Also, for tone and artistic treatment, several of the contributions of Mr. George Fripp are exquisite. Among the drawings of Mr. Alfred Fripp, 'Study—Venice,' is the best: the brilliant daylight and pure colour of this untouched sketch make us wish the artist would give us yet more of Italy.

The late G. Rosenberg appears in this gallery for the last time, and the thirteen drawings here exhibited show the earnest student, who with untiring labour pursued closely after truth. In conclusion, we are glad to find the Old Water-Colour Society in unabated strength—a strength which will hold its own against opposition from any institution.

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

THE FOURTH EXHIBITION OF SKETCHES AND STUDIES.

We have seldom been more agreeably surprised; we have never seen the rooms of the Institute to better advantage. The fact is the elections have of late been most fortunate: Associates such as A. C. Gow, Valentine Bromley, Harry Johnson, and James Linton will do much to redeem the gallery from its fallen condition. Then, again, among the members, the Exhibition once more owes no small attraction to Guido Bach, ever brilliant; to C. Green and G. G. Kilburne for drawings of care and character; and to H. G. Hine, W. W. Deane, Skinner Prout, and Carl Werner, for landscapes lovely in tone and architecture, truthful in detail. The "lady members" are a little disappointing; yet we have again to thank Mrs. Duffield and Mrs. Harrison for pleasant provision of fruit and flowers. As to the 'honorary members,' the names of Rosa Bonheur, Louis Gallait, F. Goodall, R.A., and J. E. Millais, R.A., are once more blanks in the catalogue—the reason, no doubt, being that the Academy now offers countervailing inducements to English as well as to foreign exhibitors. The staple commodities of the Institute remain, as a matter of course, much the same as of yore. It is true there are a few absentees, among whom Mr. Louis Haghe is most missed. But other habitual tenants of the premises, such as Absolon, Bouvier, Corbould, Tidey, Shalders, and Sherrin, hold their own as heretofore. Mr. Rowbotham, too, is in himself a host: his twenty-two contributions make him, for the moment, the most

voluminous exhibitor in the metropolis, if we except certain artists who have found it needful to hire an entire gallery for their exclusive use. Among the winter exhibitions, that of the Institute contains the largest number of works; the relative numbers being, the French 208, the Dudley 215, the Old Water-Colour 403, and the Institute 428. And yet the exhibition of the Institute is now somewhat smaller than in any of the three prior years. It commenced these winter exhibitions, in 1866, with 528 works. We trust that this year's figures may have but one effect, that of inducing the Institute another year to be still more select.

We begin with Guido Bach; he asserts for himself the first place, and yet he soars so high as to be in danger of a fall. His style is, to a fault, artificial; even his rustics are subjected to academic treatment, while such fancy figures as 'Musidora' are absolutely meretricious. The painter, however, evinces his unparalleled power of putting pictures together in that eminently artistic composition, 'A Church Interior at Dunseldorf.' But 'The Synagogue at Prague' we deem the painter's masterpiece: here we have truth without compromise, effect without exaggeration; also for touch, texture, and sombre shadowy colour, the drawing is admirable. The venerable President, Mr. Warren, exhibits a memorial of bygone days. 'The Young Morning Star' is a sketch for an oil-picture which the artist produced nearly a half a century ago, when the Royal Academy was still in Somerset House: the sketch indicates how greatly the English school has advanced, if not in creative imagination, at least in truth to nature, within the last fifty years. Mr. John Absolon favours us with a curiosity, a study for a picture of 'Faust and Margaret.' Nothing has ever been beheld at all comparable to this performance, whether on the stage, in nature, or in a picture-gallery. Mr. Bouvier has likewise surpassed himself in a highly-wrought composition, 'Shopping,' we presume in the time of the Romans, at Pompeii. Surely this dainty and dresy drawing cannot by any courtesy be ranked among 'Sketches and Studies,' of which, in fact, there are but few in the whole gallery. The same objection may be raised to Mr. Tidey's performances: 'Daisy' is the prettiest, 'Day' and 'Night' are the most melodramatic; he is an artist who gives pleasure, and often manifests high feeling in Art. These poetic impersonations seem designed with an eye to publication. Passing to Mr. Corbould, it is again evident that his powers are too exuberant; his invention verges on extravagance, his exploits of the brush need toning down. Therefore he is better in an 'Ink Sketch' (123) than in colour. The artist has bravoured, but lacks delicacy. Mr. Jopling also belongs to the artificial school, though he has of late taken to sketch from nature in a desultory fashion. An old theme, 'Dolce far Niente,' by this artist, is lovely in colour, and may serve as a capital suggestion for a picture. In paying tribute to the talents of the preceding painters, we may be allowed to remark that the Institute is injured by the pre-eminently non-natural character of their productions.

Fortunately a more truthful style rises in the ascendant in the drawings of Mr. Gow, Mr. Green, Mr. Kilburne, and others. The first of these artists exhibits 'An Armourer,' 'Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh,' and other drawings, which have much of the point in incident and sparkle in touch of Meissonnier; the artist also manages to reconcile more than common brilliance with tone and keeping. Mr. Valentine Bromley, too, is as clever as he is prolific, as profoundly serious as he is smartly comic. Yet it is rather hard to sustain a serious argument or an amusing joke throughout ten drawings without weariness or repetition. In 'Coaxing' the painter confronts grace with grotesqueness; in the 'Steal Mirror,' and other eccentric yet clever compositions, he hits off the comicality of mediocrity. The whim will have its day, and the artist may then pass to phases less capricious and ephemeral. C. Green shows in 'May Day,' and other drawings, the precision of pencil, and the lucidity in narrative, common with artists accustomed to draw for wood-engrav-

ing. But his admixture of characters is incongruous; and this 'May Day' is a medley of pathos in sentiment with vulgarity. We would commend for careful drawing and execution 'Subtraction,' by J. Mahoney. The absence of these indispensable qualities prejudice Mr. Charles Cattermole, yet a 'Monk reading to a Cardinal' is not without the artist's habitual cleverness. Mr. H. B. Roberts has a couple of figures, 'Juliet's Nurse' and 'A Royalist,' of much individual character, with an under-vein of humour. Mr. Lucas scarcely gets beyond the conventional rustic models of a life-school in such figures as that 'On the Way to the Harvest-field.' Miss Emily Farmer, on the contrary, is too refined, smooth, and clean; the charm which her drawings had on their first appearance now begins to pall upon the eye: 'Music' is too pretty, and 'Saying Grace' too proper. G. G. Kilburne holds his ground fairly well, but 'A Shady Corner' is poor in colour: 'Loitering' is the best. The artist, indeed, has the knack of placing a figure nicely among tasteful surroundings of trees, ferns, and rocks. We close the list of figure-painters with Mr. James D. Linton, one of the few artists in this gallery who dares disclose the sketchy contents of a portfolio. His nine contributions are so many suggestions of thought and pictorial motive. They may be accepted as means to an end, stages in the progress of study. 'Puzzled' is almost grand: this artist, in his time, has made mistakes, but he will get right in the end.

The landscapes in this gallery, like the figure-pictures, are of two schools: the poetic or romantic, and the prosaic or matter of fact. Mr. Edmund Warren belongs to the latter; his style is what used to be rather absurdly called Pre-Raphaelite; thus 'Whispers' of Winter' is a drawing dotty in detail, yet the artist is less scattered than formerly, though his excessive use of opaque still produces rottenness and patchiness. Mr. Mole is laborious in more senses than one: of his fourteen contributions, 'A Study at Chagford' is a glaring example, not of sketching on the spot, but of cooking in the studio. Mr. Bennett's 'Sketch of Royal Oaks, Windsor Forest,' is after the artist's good old style: the gnarled trunks are painted truthfully and vigorously, the colours are purely transparent, and the quality in greens and greys has much in harmony with the neutral tones of the late David Cox. For poetic sentiment, dependent on tender unison and quiet concord, 'Desenzano,' by J. H. D'Egville, may be commended; also several of the contributions of H. G. Hine, such as 'On the Beach, Great Yarmouth,' and 'The Common, Little Hampton.' Mr. Hine evokes poetry out of quiet greys. Other painters there are who light the walls with colour; thus 'Savona, Coast of Genoa,' by Edwin Hayes, is a vision of polychrome: the sunlight is in tremor. Also delicious for light and for colour is 'Campo San Pstenien,' by W. W. Deane: this scene from Venice has both truth and beauty; the artist keeps within the limits of moderation.

A few miscellanies may bring our criticism to a close. Mr. Beavis is still too slap-dash; he is careless of form to a fault; even cleverness cannot serve as his excuse. Mr. Shalders, on the contrary, is conscientious as ever; 'Studies' of the heads of sheep are, in fact, portraits: the artist is true to the touch of the wool, and the lines which mark character are incisive. Although there be nothing new in Mr. Sherrin, his work is still the best of its kind: 'Grapes and Strawberries' have much of the character of the late William Hunt, whose unrivalled realism still provokes emulation.

Lastly, a word for architecture. 'The Goldsmiths' Arch, Rome,' has more firmness than we commonly look for in Mr. Vacher; a 'Fountain,' by Mr. Werner, is, as a matter of course, realistic; and, indeed, in surface detail, illusive as a photograph; while, lastly, the 'Hôtel de Ville, Audenarde,' by Mr. Skinner Prout, shows rare mastery over Gothic detail. We are glad to infer that the exhibition has met with success; we have seldom observed more sales on the private view.

MR. PRITCHETT'S DRAWINGS
AND SKETCHES.

FROM the variety of seaside subjects exhibited last year by Mr. Pritchett at Messrs. Agnew's, in Regent Street, it might have been well supposed that he had exhausted the material of Dutch-coast life; but here we are again at Scheveningen, and we look back on many of the drawings of last year as simply allusive to customs which are fully described in the present series, and which, in many instances, may be regarded as explanatory appendices to the former drawings. We remember, for instance, in the series of last year, a sketch of a figure holding up a flag, and called, indeed, 'The Flagman.' The duty of this man is very important, as he, with his flag, constitutes a landmark to direct the landing of the boats; this is fully shown in a drawing called 'Lost and Saved,' in which are two boats, one of which has struck on the sands, while the other comes in driving through the surf, and will be at once hauled up high and dry. For miles along this flat coast the average depth of the water, for a considerable distance seaward, is not more than a few feet; hence the impossibility of symmetrical ship and boat building for coast service in Holland. 'Scheveningen during the Storm of September, 1869,' is rather a large drawing, by no means crowded with objects; but the material of which the artist avails himself is admirably suited to his purpose, as contributing to the description of a storm. 'Sunset on the Beach' is a carefully-finished work; it is a masterly study of *chiaroscuro*, showing us how little the value of a drawing depends on the objects it presents, and how much it is indebted for its charm to its lights and darks. The sun has sunk behind a dark bank of clouds, veiling the horizon, and casting a mysterious shade upon the sea, on which the fancy may draw to any extent. While we are stunned with the roar of the surf in the other scenes, the stillness of this is not interrupted even by the sound of the wavelets breaking on the sand. 'The last of the Old Boat, Misty Morning,' shows the keel and other parts of the skeleton of a boat which is being broken up: an opportunity occurs here for the introduction of colour. This object has afforded subject matter for several sketches from different points of view; as, 'Breaking-up the Pink on the Beach,' 'All that remains of Her,' &c. A 'Storm on the Beach' shows the preparations made to receive the herring-boats as they come in, and makes us share in the anxiety of the bystanders for the safety of the craft as they drive in over the sandy shallows.

In 'The Mill on Fire,' and some other coast sketches, we recognise the sources of the inspiration of Van der Neer, who shows us the secrets of their enchantments in their dispositions of lights and darks. 'Pinks in Shadow—Evening,' is a momentary effect. Among these drawings is one, the property of the Queen of Holland, which is exhibited by her Majesty's permission; it is called 'Wreck of a Norwegian Brig,' of which the stern only is visible. These essays are in number fifty-four, and represent all kinds of objects and persons that presented themselves to the notice of the artist; and we are surprised at the interest with which he succeeds in investing subjects not in themselves picturesque. 'The Watery Groves of Domberg' is more than suggestive, as is also 'Hoping against Hope—Scheveningen Fraus watching for Missing Pink.' Very attractive, also, are 'Scheveningen, with Church,' 'Grey Day—the Farmer's Wife and Child going into the Village,' 'The Justice-room in the City of Veere,' 'An Evening of Colour and Great Intensity,' 'Domberg—looking over the village to Middleburg,' 'The Fisher's Farewell—Signal to the Wives on the Beach,' 'The Lelia of Bergen on Shore—The Life-boat Out,' 'Storm and Drift—Autumn,' 'Domberg Church from the Duines,' 'Fine Weather in the Strand,' &c. As evidenced by diplomas hanging in the room, Mr. Pritchett's Art is fully appreciated by the painters of Holland, who admit him a member of their body; an honour to which he has shown himself entitled.

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.
RECENT ALTERATIONS AND ADDITIONS.

OCCASIONAL visitors to the South Kensington Museum often complain that such is the restless activity of its administrative body, that one is never sure of finding any object in the same position in which it was last seen. This complaint has, doubtless, been made with more than usual energy and frequency during the recent Christmas season; for the changes in arrangement within the last two months have, indeed, been sufficient to bewilder the most assiduous visitor in his search for old favourites. As, however, they are mainly owing to the rapid increase of the collections, and to the necessity of doing justice to several important acquisitions, it will be ungracious to concur in the complaint; ours is the more agreeable duty of drawing attention to the causes which have called for, and which justify, these changes.

To the south of the Loan Court, on the site of the well-remembered "Boilers," is rapidly rising a third court, which, when complete, will be of sufficient height to contain the cast of the noble *Portico de la Gloria*, from the Church of Santiago da Compostella, now shown in detached fragments near the entrance to the Museum. Here, also, will be placed the cast of the Sanchi Toppe, now being made in India, and many other great works for which there is as yet no adequate space.

In order to join this new building to the old courts, it was necessary to take down a temporary wall at the end of the South Court, and a timber screen has meanwhile been erected. An opportunity has thus been given to find a prominent place against this screen for Messrs. Franchi and Son's electrotype copy of Ghiberti's Old Testament gate of the Baptistery at Florence, which, though completed some months ago, has not until now been exposed to public view. Beside this stands the electrotype copy, by the same firm, of Bonanno's bronze gate to the South Transept of the Cathedral of Pisa, known as the *Porta di San Ranieri*, hitherto inadequately shown in a narrow passage. It is no small advantage to a student to be able to turn from the early and rude work of the mediæval Pisan sculptor, finished in the year 1180, to the master-piece of the Florentine, one of the greatest works of the early Italian Renaissance, on which he was engaged from 1425 to 1452; and yet many will turn back with affectionate interest to the simple and quaintly conventional representations of New Testament events by the earlier artist.* It is to be hoped that the Museum may acquire a copy of the oldest of the three gates to the Baptistery, that by Andrea Pisano, dated 1330, and representing events from the life of the patron saint of all Baptistries, St. John the Baptist. This forms a chronological link between the gate of Bonanno, and that of Ghiberti: another link is the gate by Ghiberti himself, finished in 1424, and known as the New Testament gate; it originally occupied the place of honour, the principal entrance to the Baptistery, having supplanted the gate of Andrea Pisano; but was itself deposed, and transferred to a side entrance, on the completion of the last work of its author.

The other electrotypes in the collection, old and new, have been grouped around these gates, many of them drawn from a dimly-lighted and remote corner of the Museum; they can now, for the first time, be seen altogether, and in a good light. Besides covering a considerable portion of the remaining wall-space at the end of the Court, they fill twelve large cases occupying nearly half the floor of the eastern side of the South Court, and from the predominance of gilding and burnished silver, producing a brilliant, not to say dazzling, effect, which deeply impresses the unsophisticated visitor, who, overlooking or misreading the labels which honestly proclaim the copper base of all these treasures, may often be heard vainly endeavouring to appraise the

masses of precious metal which meet his astonished gaze.

The examples of Mosaic-work belonging to the Museum have attained greater prominence by the re-arrangement of the South Court, and the collection is enriched by some interesting pieces on loan. But what claim to its place of honour can be advanced on behalf of the full-sized figure of a Newfoundland dog, in black and white marble—the black varnished to give it lustre—that stands in the midst of the mosaics? The great placid beast is trampling with calm indifference on a bronze serpent, ingeniously contrived to form a support to the body of its oppressor. A cushion of yellow marble, with ormolu tassels, is under the group; and the whole stands on a black pedestal, decorated on the sides with mosaic work in the style of the beautiful Russian *pietre dure*. We are glad to learn from the label that this work is only a loan.

Considerable space is now assigned to the display of Musical Instruments of various ages and countries, including several lent by Mr. Carl Engel. A catalogue of the entire collection is announced as in preparation by this gentleman, known as the author of several works on the history of music. When this appears, we hope to find room for a somewhat detailed notice of the various interesting subjects of which it will doubtless treat.

Mr. J. Drury Fortnum exhibits in the Loan Court the Lamp in the so-called Persian *faience*, of which he is the envied possessor. It is of the same form as the well-known Arab glass lamps of somewhat horny texture, of which the Museum possesses several good examples, but its dimensions are rather larger. Three loops for suspension are affixed to the upper portion of the body of the lamp. The paste is of a purer, colder white than is usual in this ware; the decorations are blue and green, in arabesque dispers. Three Arabic inscriptions, in white on bands of dark blue, encircle it: one at the lip, a second in large bold characters at the shoulder, and a third at the foot. The lowest inscription states that this lamp was made "in the year 956, the month Djemasalewel, by the poor fakir and humble painter, Mustafâ." The year 956 of the Hegira corresponds with the year 1549 of the Christian era. The lamp is reported to have originally hung in the Mosque of Omar, at Jerusalem. When exhibited a few months since at the Society of Antiquaries, this rare, if not unique, specimen attracted such attention, that it has been decided to give a chromolithographic representation of it in the forthcoming volume of the *Archæologia*. It has also been represented, in full size, in Delange's recent work, "*Recueil de Faïences Italiennes*," &c., a worthy companion to the magnificent illustrated works by the same author on the so-called Henri Deux ware, and the *faience* of Bernard Palissy.

The imitations, in a modified form, of the various kinds of Pottery classed as Persian, which have lately issued from the manufactories of Minton, in England, and of Collinot and Deck, in France, have done much to popularise this beautiful ware, and to accustom the eye to its charming combinations of blue and green, which, till lately, would have been held as at variance with every recognised canon of colour; but some of the textiles and other fashionable manufactures of the last few months prove, that in their haste to adapt themselves to the prevailing taste, our colourists need to be reminded that it is not every tint of blue and green that can be combined with success; and the study of good Oriental examples, such as this beautiful lamp and the two wall-tiles from Cairo, in one of the cases in the Pottery Gallery of the Museum, cannot fail to be of especial value.

Three interesting Spanish Pictures have lately been lent to the Museum by Sir H. L. Bulwer, and are hung in the room till recently occupied by Mrs. H. T. Hope's Gallery of Dutch Paintings.

* The church of Monreale, in Sicily, possesses a bronze gate by Bonanno, of Pisa, dated 1186.

The first of these, by Murillo, 'Cardinal Bonaventura, writing his Memoirs after Death,' will doubtless be recognised by those of our readers old enough to remember the extensive collection of Spanish pictures, including the Standish Gallery, which belonged to Louis Philippe, and which were exhibited in the Louvre until 1848, when, by permission of the Provisional Government of France, they were brought to England as part of the personal property of the fallen sovereign. After his death they were sold at Christie and Manson's, in May, 1853, a month long to be remembered by those lovers of Art whom leisure enabled to frequent the auction-rooms. The picture is founded on a singular legend respecting St. Bonaventura ("Doctor Seraphicus") current in Spain, though not to be met with in the common biographies of the saint, nor even in Alban Butler. At the time of his death, which took place somewhat suddenly at Lyons, in 1274, where he was attending a council of the Church, he was engaged on a biography of St. Francis, the patron of the Order of Franciscans, to which he belonged. By the intercession of the saint he was permitted to return to earth for three days, in order to complete his work. Murillo has represented him attired in the robes of his order, and with an enamelled jewel on his breast, seated by a table, and writing in a parchment-covered volume which he holds in his left hand. On the table are a crucifix, an inkstand, some books, and an inscribed scroll. The dead man is pondering on the passage he is about to write, and the combination of grave, earnest thought with the rigidity and pallor of death makes this a most impressive, and, notwithstanding its subject, an attractive picture, which few who see can readily forget.

The two other paintings lent by Sir H. L. Bulwer are fair examples of a comparatively modern Spanish master well known to collectors of etchings and engravings, but whose oil-paintings are not often met with out of Spain. Francisco Jose Goya, who may be termed the Hogarth of Spain, was born in a small town in Aragon, in 1746. He painted frescoes, designs for tapestry, and sacred pictures for the churches of Madrid. As a portrait-painter he was, for a time, the leading favourite with the court and nobility of Spain; but his great popularity was due to the accuracy and vivacity with which he represented the daily life of the Spanish people, their fêtes, processions, and public and private amusements. In the latter years of his long career he issued several series of engravings. In the first of these, entitled "Caprichos," which appeared in 1796, he satirised the manners of all classes of his contemporaries with unsparing severity. His daring attacks on the clergy drew down on him the displeasure of the Inquisition; but the king, Charles IV., protected him by accepting the engraved plates as his own. Next followed the "Tauromachia," or humours of the bull-ring, and later "Los Desastres de la Guerra" (The Miseries of War), a series of ghastly representations, produced during the period of the Peninsular War, and including eighty plates.*

On the restoration of the old monarchy in 1814, his liberal proclivities made Spain an undesirable residence for him, and he withdrew to France, settling at Bordeaux, where, in 1828, he closed his long and active life of eighty-two years. The influence of Rembrandt is apparent in his etchings and engravings, while his earlier works recall the manner of Velasquez, whose bold and effective style he admired and imitated. His two paintings now in the South Kensington Museum are entitled 'La Joven' and 'La Vieja' (Youth and Age). In the first the principal figure is a young and singularly pretty woman, dressed in black and white, and reading a note which seems to have called a flush of delight to her countenance. A little dog tries in vain to attract his mistress's notice. A female attendant with an open umbrella is near her; and in the background, slightly, though very effectively, sketched in, is a group of women of all ages washing linen in a brook. The second picture represents two old and

* The Art-Library of the Museum contains impressions of the first and third of these series, taken, however, when the plates were much worn.

withered coquettes: one, a wrinkled, toothless blonde with bleared eyes, in a costume suited to youth alone, is simpering over a miniature; the other, a brunette, with a face horribly suggestive of a skull, is eagerly calling the attention of her companion to a picture she holds forward. Behind them is a shadowy figure of Time, with a broom, about to sweep them from off the face of the earth.

The portrait of Master Hoggett, which hangs in the same room, claims to be no less than a *replique*, by Gainsborough, of his famous 'Blue Boy.' While some connoisseurs pronounce it equal to the well-known painting in the possession of the Marquis of Westminster, and others stigmatise it as an indifferent copy, we are inclined to agree with those cautious critics who believe that it is from Gainsborough's hand, but that portions have been retouched. Whatever opinion a visitor may form as to its authenticity, he cannot but be gratified by being reminded of one of the most pleasing works of this great English master.

R. O. Y.

SCHOOLS OF ART.

EDINBURGH.—The Board of Directors of the Wetz Institution has adopted a resolution to admit ladies to the lectures and classes of the School of Arts.

CHELSEA.—A new school (technical) has been recently opened in College Street, under the auspices of the Rev. G. Blunt, Rector of Chelsea, and a committee of influential gentlemen.

COLLINGHAM.—Through the efforts of Archdeacon Mackenzie, classes for the study of drawing, painting, and design are about to be established in this village, as a branch of the Lincoln School of Art, under the direction of Mr. Taylor. A number of pupils have already joined, sufficient to make a good beginning.

COVENTRY.—The annual meeting of this school was held in the month of November last. The report of the committee showed evidence of satisfactory progress,—an equal number of medals with those awarded in the preceding year, one additional Queen's prize, a larger number of successful candidates in the examinations, a similar recognition of the merit of the master, and a higher general position for the school. An increased number of students have attended, the numbers being 189, against 155 in 1868. The awards of the Department of Science and Art are about the same as before.

KINGSLY.—The supporters and pupils of this school had their annual meeting in November. During the past year the school has made considerable advances in every direction, notwithstanding the disadvantages under which it has laboured for want of a more commodious building. This obstacle, however, will not exist much longer, for a few months since we recorded the commencement of a new edifice.

LEICESTER.—A meeting, which was attended by many of the leading inhabitants of this town, has been held with the object of establishing a School of Art. Mr. Buckmaster, from South Kensington, was present, and delivered an address on the subject.

NOTTINGHAM.—From a statement which has recently been forwarded to us, it would appear that, in the Government examinations held last March, the pupils of the Nottingham school gained a larger number of prizes than any other in the United Kingdom, London only excepted. It was the second consecutive year in which the town has stood in this eminent position. Of 600 works sent up from the various schools for examination by the South Kensington officials, 34 were from Nottingham, and the highest number of medals was awarded to them; Mr. R. Bishop receiving a gold medal for his designs for lace curtains; Mr. J. Harrison a silver medal for designs for chintzes and ribbons; Mr. H. Sulley, also, a silver medal for lace curtains.

OXFORD.—The two Schools of Art in this city are to be amalgamated. A general managing committee has been appointed, consisting of the Dean of Christ Church and others. The Lord-Lieutenant of the county is to be, *ex officio*, president of the newly-formed institution.

ART-GIFTS FOR INDIA.

At Messrs. Howell and James's was lately to be seen a selection of jewellery and articles of taste, intended for presentation to native princes and dignitaries of our Indian empire. To the real value of these objects will be imparted an additional worth as memorials of the occasion of their presentation. It has hitherto been customary for the Governor-General to make such presents, but on this occasion the Viceroy of India will be accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, and hence will these gifts be proportionately esteemed as coming more directly from the hands of the Queen. Hitherto native artists and artificers have usually been employed in the production of presents for Indian princes; and it is surprising that such a custom has continued to our time in the face of advances made by ourselves and our neighbours in jewellery and ornamental works really wondrous in comparison with those of Indian design; which, generally, in their taste, have changed but little during perhaps the last thousand years. As Governors-General have, in this respect, followed each other in the well-trodden path of precedent, we are the more disposed to attribute this improvement either to the Queen or the Prince by whom she will be so nearly represented, rather than to Lord Mayo, as both her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh are practical Art-students.

Any interruption of a long line of uniformity is always an event more or less important according to circumstances; hence we feel called upon briefly to describe the ornaments and objects which, for the first time, have been sent from Europe for formal presentation to Indian dignitaries. And it cannot be otherwise than that these gifts will, from their novelty of character and richness of design, be more appreciated by those for whom they are intended than the native ornaments so familiar to them in their time, and to their ancestors in the old time, and which the richest of the golden fruit of the Pagoda tree could not procure for them as products of their own country.

In personal ornament is an aigrette enriched with stars and pendants of brilliants; this would have been considered a splendid enrichment to the ceremonial head-gear of Soliman the Magnificent. The delicate plume is formed of the sprays of the feathers of the ostrich, so tender as to look rather like fine hair than any quality of plumage. There are massive armlets and curiously-worked chains, well calculated to make an imposing effect on occasions of native gatherings. Some of the jewellery is mounted and finished according to patterns of Holbein design, examples of which we see in portraits of Henry VIII., and of the nobility of his time. Several of these ornaments are composed as necklaces, but as the thin chain to which they are attached might not sufficiently impress the Oriental intelligence, they are intended to be worn in conjunction with massive gold chains. The designs of other articles, not personally ornamental, are based on the most elegant forms that modern Art has taken from the antique and the Renaissance; and as being objects of admiration even among ourselves, they will be the despair of the Indian artist. There is, for instance, a small equipage, called a crystal "writing set," consisting of a pair of candlesticks, an inkstand, pen-tray, &c., all arranged so as to be enclosed in a leather case lined with satin. The shafts of the candlesticks propose an enigma to the inquirer curious in these matters, as consisting of silver tracery-work enclosed in crystal hermetically sealed, so that the metal can never tarnish. A silver ewer and rose-water tazza exemplify a combination of the most elegant Greek form with modern *repoussé* enrichment, and similar taste is shown in the forms of a silver-gilt *assiette montée*, &c.

As presents to Orientals nothing could have been more appropriately selected than these articles: to us they are interesting as rich and beautiful productions, the more so from the fact of their being the first important gifts of British manufacture that have been officially presented to Indian princes and dignitaries.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

ROYAL ACADEMY.—Professor G. G. Scott's lectures on Architecture commence on the 17th of next month, and will be continued on the 3rd and 17th of March.

ANNUAL INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITIONS.—The permanent buildings at Kensington intended for the annual International Exhibitions of Art and Industry, the first of which takes place in 1871, were commenced on the 15th of November. The contractors for the works are Messrs. Lucas Brothers, whose estimate for the main building was £288,335, and for the conservatories over the arcades, £5,696. The terra-cotta decorations have been, it is stated, assigned to Messrs. Blashfield and Sons, whose estimate was £2,860.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.—Mr. Alfred Clint has been elected to succeed the late Mr. Hurlstone as President of this Society.

THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM is reported to have purchased, for the sum of £180, the large carved oaken bedstead, in the Elizabethan style, contributed to the recent South Staffordshire Exhibition by Mr. Pugh, of Horsely Fields.

THE ARTISTS' AND AMATEURS' SOCIETY held its annual meeting at Willis's Rooms on the 4th ult., when Mr. W. L. Leitch was elected President for the ensuing year. The four *conversations* of the season will be given in the months of February, March, April, and May next.

THE GRAPHIC SOCIETY.—A very fine collection of etchings by Rembrandt was exhibited at the meeting of this society on the evening of the 8th of December. They were contributed by the Burlington Fine Arts Club, and attracted marked attention.

MR. E. ARMITAGE, A.R.A., has just completed in University College Hall a mural painting of 'Henry Crabb Robinson and his Friends.' The late Mr. Robinson was among the most liberal supporters of that institution, and this work has been executed therein as a memorial to his name. It is needless to allude to the extensive and distinguished circle of acquaintance enjoyed by the principal subject of the picture. In the centre of the end of the hall is an admirable portrait of Mr. Robinson; to his right and left, and extending over a portion of the sides of the room, are grouped the following personages—names of historic interest—with whom he was on terms of intimacy. On the left of the portrait (as viewed by the spectator) are Hazlitt, Godwin, Clarkson, Mrs. Barbauld, Savage Landor, and Gilbert Wakefield; in another group, Schlegel, Madame de Staël, Princess Maria, Savigné, Knebel, Tieck, Arndt, Goethe, Schiller, Herder, and Wieland. On the right are grouped Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, Charles Lamb and his sister Mary, also Blake and Flaxman. Then come Irving, Rogers, Quillinan, Baron Rolfe, and Serjeant Talfourd, Lady Byron, the Rev. F. Robertson, Dr. Arnold, Mr. Paynter, and Bunson. The work is executed in monochrome, and well sustains Mr. Armitage's reputation as the painter of a class of Art too rarely practised in this country. The style of the whole, both in composition and drawing, is large and grand, and the grouping of the individuals associated during life happily carried out. The medium used in the execution of the work is wax and turpentine, and therefore free from the uncertainties attending the durability of fresco among us. In short, the picture is a worthy tribute to a man who, as a liberal benefactor to the college,

richly deserved a memorial within its walls, whereby his name and associations shall be preserved to succeeding times.

NEW PICTURE BY M. BIERSTADT.—A new picture from the conscientious hand of M. Bierstadt, of the high character of whose works our readers are aware, is among the most interesting novelties contained in the programme of the winter season of 1869—1870. We use the word conscientious advisedly, for the industry evinced by the artist is by no means the least rare of his gifts. For a landscape like the one to which we refer, the amount of preparatory labour to be executed before a brush could have been laid on the canvas, which is now in Mr. Maclean's gallery, is immense. The careful habit of portraying every detail of so wide a view in time-sketches, each limited to twenty minutes, and each noting the time of day, and consequent relative position of the sun, is one of the secrets of M. Bierstadt's success. The spectator looks from the northern bank of the Columbia river, near a spot bearing the pirated name of Cape Horn, upon a shadowed pool below, which recalls the memory of an Italian lake. Limestone rocks, of the clear bluish grey familiar to the Scottish landscape-painters, are in the foreground, close by which a troop of deer are tranquilly browsing. Beyond, the banks rise in stupendous rifted cliffs, of some basaltic rock, not very dissimilar in its cleavage from the Italian tufa. A wonderful distance of rolling mountain peaks stretches out in magic perspective beyond; a stream makes its way through a rocky valley, and throws itself sheer over a precipice, till it is lost in a wisp of spray. Beyond all, the gigantic peak of Mount Hood, an all but extinct volcano, 18,000 feet high, reflects a rosy tint from its eternal snow. Contrasted with the nearer features of the landscape, rich as they are in forms of animal and of vegetable life, instinct with the motion of river and of foamy waterfall, and yielding distinct botanic detail—as Nature does herself when you confine your attention to the foreground—that massy and solemn pyramid, unrivalled on earth so far as our knowledge of mountain ranges extends, has a wonderful air of majesty and grandeur. The landscape in general is somewhat more subdued and sombre than the 'Storm in the Rocky Mountains.' Much of this may be due to our November sky. Under any light, however, it is a noble picture, and one that shows advance in that new school which has been originated by M. Bierstadt, which confers honour on the United States of America, and may give lessons to Europe.

DRAWINGS BY MR. PIERCY.—At the gallery of Messrs. Agnew, in Waterloo Place, has been exhibited a series of drawings by the above-named artist, which have attracted great and merited attention. They consist of a series of portraits of one family—the family of Mr. Combe, the eminent brewer, of Croydon. They are admirably finished, evidencing much labour, although the labour is not perceptible until after examination; delicately coloured, yet with singular truth, they are as nearly copies of nature, the children especially, as Art has ever produced. Mr. Piercy resorts to photography for the ground of his drawing; he does not, however, print on the photograph, and is thus freed from the necessity of rigidly following lines that cannot be altered. But he is thus enabled to work with few sittings, and no doubt secures greater accuracy of likeness: in a

word, he makes photography his slave, and not his master.

MR. FRANCIS BEDFORD, who holds high rank among the best of British photographers, has recently visited Warwick—the most renowned of our ancient castles that has in the nineteenth century its resident lords—and has made photographs of exteriors and interiors; taking, indeed, every point of the venerable and "time-honoured" mansion in which resides the long-deceased earl. Altogether he has taken no fewer than thirty-five views; but this will surprise no one who is acquainted with the attractions of the place, on the summit of a steep above the Avon—Shakespeare's Avon—surrounded by trees many centuries old, and bearing to-day the grandeur of aspect, and with all the characteristics for "defence," it possessed in the tenth century. These photographs are most beautifully executed; they have the vivid freshness and truth of nature, aided by matured skill in Art. It would be difficult to find a series so perfect. We may consider ourselves "authority," for we have recently visited Warwick, with a view to introduce it into our series of "Stately Homes," and in due course shall avail ourselves of the valuable aid we are at liberty to derive from Mr. Bedford, with the free consent of Messrs. Catherall and Prichard, of Chester, the publishers, who have published so many of Mr. Bedford's works, and who have issued many hundreds (it may be thousands) of photographs of the scenery of England.

MR. W. W. WARREN'S SKETCHES.—A large series of sketches by Mr. William White Warren is now being exhibited at the German Gallery. They are all in oil, and the subjects are of every kind to be found between Killarney and the Bay of Naples. No available material comes amiss to Mr. Warren;—buildings, street-scenes, morning and evening effects, scraps of verdant landscape, interiors—domestic and sacred, river and canal views, lake and marine scenery, &c., &c. The pictures amount to nearly three hundred; it may therefore be supposed that the artist is a rapid sketcher. The greater number look as if completed at one sitting, although some of them contain a quantity of detail. To pass at once to Venice, we have 'The Doge's Palace, and Column of St. Mark's,' 'The Rialto,' 'Venice Canal,' 'The Pride of St. Mark's,' 'The Doge's Palace,' 'The Campanile,' 'The Grand Canal,' and other features of the city which few artists have described. All are essentially sketches, though there are among them a few that may be called studies. There is an entire absence of "treatment" in these essays. Those who know Venice by heart from pictures are greatly disappointed when they see the reality; but we think the city would rise in the estimation of others who studied its main points from Mr. Warren's pictures, because he is honest in his report. Painting by day, he paints daylight; and this is especially remarkable of his interiors; as 'Interior of a Church, Rome,' 'Interior of Greek Church, Leghorn,' 'Interior of St. Mark's, Venice,' and others—all fine subjects for striking and concentrated effects—are treated with the utmost simplicity; and some of these show how difficult it is to reach this quality. Apart from the Art, these works abound with historical and biographical memories, which the artist has carried out without considering their want of picturesque character. Among these of such a class that strike us are—'William the Con-

queror's Oak, Greenwich Park; 'Twickenham Church, the Burial-place of Pope; 'Richmond Church, the Burial-place of Kean; 'St. Jarvis, the spot where William the Conqueror died; 'Horace Walpole's Flower Garden, Strawberry Hill; 'The Birth-place of Napoleon I.; 'Interior of the Pantheon, Rome, showing Raffaele's Tomb, &c. Thus we mention but a few of these works, the variety of which is but insufficiently described by what we have said. A great proportion of them would make admirable pictures of larger size, which could not be otherwise than very remarkable works if characterised by the same independence of feeling that marks the sketches.

TRADE-MARKS.—A case came before the Vice-Chancellor's court, somewhat recently, in which Messrs. Elkington and Co., of London and Birmingham, cited Mr. A. Johnson, of Birmingham, to answer a complaint of using their trade-marks. It appeared that formerly Mr. Johnson was in partnership with a Mr. John Elkington, and that the plaintiffs discovering their marks on electro-plated goods manufactured and sold by Messrs. Elkington and Johnson, threatened legal proceedings, upon which an undertaking was given to discontinue the practice. On the retirement of Mr. John Elkington from the business soon after, the plaintiffs found Mr. Johnson's goods still marked with their stamp, and they prayed for an injunction to put a stop to it: this the Vice-Chancellor granted.

FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART.—The annual exhibition of drawings, &c., by the pupils of this school took place on the 10th and 11th of December. The demand this month on our space limits us to this simple announcement, with the remark that the works were of more than usual excellence, reflecting high credit upon the students and their instructress, the lady-superintendent, Miss Gann.

THE GRAPHIC.—The issue of a new illustrated newspaper is an event in the history of Art. When, somewhat more than a quarter of a century ago, the *Illustrated London News* appeared, there were difficulties in the way of its progress that do not now exist: the machinery was insufficient and defective; it was conceived impossible to publish "news" with illustrations until events had become stale and had lost their interest. A demand will, however, always be met by a supply; and the energy and enterprise of Mr. Ingram met with that which they ought to have achieved, and did achieve, success—a success that went far beyond even his own sanguine expectations. It has ever since defied, or, at all events, overcome, opposition; and we are not disposed to believe that the *Graphic* will materially, if at all, impede its prosperity. No doubt the first number has been produced under disadvantages as well as advantages: it has evidence of labour; the engravings are of great excellence; of its long list of artists who have promised aid, not one of them has given any to this first part; and its opening page is by no means agreeable—it is an ill-chosen subject, and does not pay for the cost incurred; infinitely better is a portrait of the Queen, from a sketch by the late G. H. Thomas; other prints represent the Suez Canal, and incidents thereunto belonging. But the *Graphic* is in no sense a newspaper: it cannot minister to those who require intelligence. Its conductors will do wisely to make it, weekly, a representative of some great leading event—such as the opening of the Suez Canal, and

that which will for some time to come excite the public mind—the assemblage at Rome in 1869–70. The great "cause" of the success of the *Illustrated London News* was, that from the commencement to the present time, it has never been above the comprehension of the great mass of readers of the second and third, and even the fourth class. To aim too high will be to induce failure. We shall gladly aid this new Art-work by any means in our power: it is another element in the Art-education of the people; but we do not augur for it a long and prosperous life.

Mr. CREMER, of Regent Street, exhibits his Christmas collection of "toys;" a large proportion of them are veritable works of Art; excellent as models, accurate as examples of costume, and in many cases illustrating the customs and occupations of various lands. He exhibits such works in great variety; his show is, indeed, attractive, not only to the throngs of little people who crowd to his establishment, but will bear the inspection of, and give pleasure to critics older and less easily pleased. Of a considerable proportion of these works Mr. Cremer is the designer.

MODERN JEWELLERY.—At Mr. Phillips's, 23, Cockspur Street, we have been much gratified by being allowed to inspect a very large assortment of valuable jewellery, the worth of which is much enhanced by the designs and the style of workmanship. On first seeing a few of these ornaments, the observer is struck by the beauty of the forms and the direct reference to antique specialities—qualities which they derive from the indefatigable research of Mr. Phillips himself, who visits the most famous European museums, whence to cull, for imitation, the choicest practicable ornamental designs. For instance, in the Museo Borbonico, at Naples, is a certain antique necklace of great beauty, of which we find in Mr. Phillips's assortment a reproduction, with its pendent reticulation of masks, and acorns and floral drops. A very curious fibula of iron was found near the Lateran Gate, at Rome; this Mr. Phillips has obtained, and reproduced in gold. The form seems to represent a five-horse chariot driven at full speed in the arena. It may be supposed to have been awarded to some victor in the course. The objects of Holbein design are of great beauty: some have been copied from portraits in possession of the Queen; others have been procured from various sources. Among the numerous imitative antiques is a very large onyx brooch of purely Egyptian design, made after the pattern of one in the possession of the Princess of Wales, and the only ornament her Royal Highness would permit to be indicated on her bust by Mrs. Thornycroft. We were much struck by a very rich necklace of large onyx pendants. Whether the forms have or have not been suggested by anything classic matters little; it is as rich and beautiful as a classic object of the same kind can be. But it is impossible even to mention any considerable portion of these interesting and valuable works, a catalogue of which would contain examples of every kind of personal ornament. A great feature of the collection is the variety and beauty of the coral ornaments, of which Mr. Phillips possesses the most valuable and extensive show in Europe. Here, again, we see all kinds of personal ornament of every possible pattern that has the quality of beauty. The coral is from the Mediterranean, and it is chiefly worked by Neapolitans, who excel in this Art.

REVIEWS.

LIFE OF JOHN GIBSON, R.A. Edited by LADY EASTLAKE. Published by LONGMANS & Co.

Self-exiled from his native land during the greater part of his lifetime—forty-eight years out of seventy-six—few here know anything of Gibson except the works he sent over from Rome for exhibition. His studio in that city of ancient Art was his home, the shrine of his earthly worship—his everything: in it, says his American pupil and trusty friend, Miss Hoemer, "he is a god, but God help him when he is out of it."

True genius and thorough simplicity of mind are often, not always, very nearly allied: they were most closely in Gibson's case; hence the inference to be drawn from Miss Hoemer's remark, more trite than reverent, implying that our famous sculptor was incapable of taking care of himself when away from his residence; and certainly, from the little we know of him, and from what we read in the story of his life, he certainly was not to be trusted out alone, except in Rome, lest "mischiefs should befall him in the way"—"I wish I was on my way back to Rome with a *retturino*!" he exclaimed one day, when he found himself standing on the platform of a small railway-station in Shropshire, far from his destination, having left the train because he saw others getting out, ignorant of where he was, and catching a glimpse of the hindmost carriage as the whole moved rapidly off, bearing away his luggage.

At the repeated solicitations of one of his dearest friends, the late Mrs. Henry Sandbach, of Liverpool, daughter of William Roscoe, Gibson's wise counsellor and earliest patron, he commenced to write a diary of his life. It is principally from this document, from numerous letters, and from materials supplied by two or three of his most intimate associates in Rome, that Lady Eastlake has compiled this interesting record of the accomplished sculptor and inartificial man. With respect to the diary itself, Lady Eastlake says truly,—"There are few hearts which will not see much that is touching and edifying in these simple annals." He writes less about his Art, except in interviews with his patrons, than we should like to read; but what he does say is to the purpose, and therefore valuable. The introduction by him of colour into sculpture always met with much opposition, but Gibson would listen to none of it. Writing to Mrs. Sandbach, in 1844, from Rome, with respect to the coloured statue of the Queen, he says:—"My enthusiasm has also carried me beyond the practice of sculpture, for I have added colour. . . . I must tell you, however, that the English are startled at my having painted her Majesty; they do not know what to make of it. . . . The Italian sculptors and painters as well as the Germans admire the effect. My eyes have become so depraved that I cannot bear to see a statue without colouring. I say this to the people, 'Whatever the *Grande* did was right'—that ought to be our law in Art—in sculpture."

Gibson's remarks on the Vatican Gallery of Sculpture show, as might be expected, much judicious criticism; and we should be pleased did our space allow of transferring some of his opinions to our columns—with much more we would willingly extract. The narrative throughout is most attractive—often most amusing; and we must compliment Lady Eastlake on the manner—one entirely of self-negation—in which she has performed her biographical task: without unnecessary comment, or in any way travelling beyond the limits of her province, she has succeeded in "defining the beauties of his character and of his Art."

THE TWELVE PARABLES OF OUR LORD, Illustrated and Illuminated. Published by MACMILLAN & Co.

This is a costly book: it has been "got up" without regard to expenditure, and is, indeed, an experiment in what may be considered a new Art, inasmuch as, recently, many efforts

have been made to improve it, so that it may compete with chromo-lithography, and be less in price. It is designed as evidence of what may be done in coloured block-printing, i.e., from engravings on wood; and probably for most of the prints here submitted, ten blocks have been required. The productions cannot, therefore, be cheap. We question whether they have cost less than so many chromo-lithographs of the same character and size, while certainly they cannot be described as so effective or so good.

So long ago as 1848 we published in the *Art-Journal* an example in this style of Art, executed by Leighton Brothers, from a picture by Sir Edwin Landseer. These are, unquestionably, a great advance on that; but twenty years is a long time; and we fear the progress has not been so marked as to remove all doubt whether this art will ever become one of large utility for general adoption in the illustration of books.

The work has been produced under the superintendence, and probably, to some extent, by the hand, of Mr. J. D. Cooper, an artist who holds foremost rank as a wood-engraver, and who has certainly done his best; it is scarcely too much to say that we have here proof of the utmost the Art is capable of doing. Yet it is not satisfactory. The prints cannot be compared with some of Rowney's chromo-lithographic copies from Birket Foster; they may be well drawn (though so much cannot be admitted in all cases); the subjects may be conceived and treated in the right spirit; but they lack that delicacy and refinement, those gradations of colour, that are to be found in the older and better established Art.

Notwithstanding, the book is a very beautiful and very attractive one; the binding is exquisite in design and finish, and does great honour to its producers, Messrs. Burn and Co.; while the illuminated borders are admirably done—copied from the "Breviario Gremani" in the library of St. Marc, at Venice.

The best of the prints are those in which the artist has limited himself to a single figure—such as the woman pouring the leaven into the meal, the enemy sowing tares among the wheat, and the shepherd who has found the lost sheep: where there is a crowd of figures failure is palpable.

Still, although the book is not calculated to content the critical eye, it will be, no doubt, a favourite with the public. It is a novelty in Art; and the subjects treated are, in all cases, of a deeply interesting character, while its general appearance is superb.

MURAL OR MONUMENTAL DECORATION: ITS AIMS AND METHODS. Comprising Fresco, Encaustic, Water-Glass, Mosaic, Oil-Painting. With an Appendix. By W. CAVA THOMAS, Author of "The Science of Moderation," "Metronomy, or the Science of Proportion," &c., &c. Published by WINSOR AND NEWTON.

We are living in a day when ornament and pictorial decoration of some kind or other are finding ready entrance into almost every description of edifice, whether intended for public or private use. One result of this artistic, or, as it not unfrequently turns out to be, unartistic, movement, is the development of books, theoretical or practical, to guide the *workman*, whatever position he holds, in his labours. Yet in the application of Decorative Art of the highest character we are still far behind some continental countries, especially Germany and Belgium, where every encouragement is given to it: in France, also, it meets with some favour. Among ourselves the progress of legitimate fresco-painting has received a check from the results of the experiments made in the Houses of Parliament; and until some method has been discovered that will render such works durable, at least to a considerable extent, we can expect nothing less than their almost certain abandonment. Artists will be unwilling, as it would be unadvisable for them, to spend their time and talents upon evanescent productions.

In a few concise but comprehensive chapters

Mr. Thomas treats the subject thoroughly in its diversified phases. Having himself studied fresco-painting in Germany under the two great masters, Cornelius and Hess, and having also executed some works of this kind in England, he may be regarded as an authority on this branch of Art; while his practice as an oil-painter has given him large experience in this department.

The treatise is essentially practical; methods, materials, &c., are fully set out, and explained in a manner that cannot fail to commend itself to all artists and ornamentists engaged in, or contemplating, such work. Mr. Thomas does not despair, notwithstanding the disrepute into which it has fallen, of seeing fresco-painting generally adopted in England for mural decoration. "The most enduring processes," he writes, "generally require the most patience and perseverance in their study and acquirement; and I feel assured, unless the silicate of soda or water-glass method be found superior to fresco, that English painters only require a longer experience, by continuity of practice, to make them willingly accept fresco as the best method of executing works of Art for important public buildings."

The Appendix occupies nearly one-third of the entire volume. It is divided into three parts: the first contains the Report of Mr. Macise on the Water-Glass method of Painting, reprinted from a Report of the Royal Commission on the Fine Arts, with much of the German and other correspondence connected therewith; the second part is made up of a long list of works upon painting, in different languages; and the third part shows a catalogue of ancient artists who practised mural painting, prefacing a long list of the principal mural decorations in Europe, distinguishing the painters, the kind of subject, the localities where they are, and the method. This last list must have cost the compiler great labour, but it is a most valuable *addendum* to his treatise.

A DREAM BOOK. Illustrated by E. V. B. Published by SAMUELSON LOW & Co.

We doubt if a more graceful contribution has been made to the literature of the Christmas season of 1869 and 1870 than "A Dream Book," by E. V. B.—an authoress familiar to the public through many charming volumes, and who has such an earnest hand that she might well be reckoned among the regular workers, were it not known that the initials indicate one to whom Art is not a profession, but the pleasure of a life rich in all the good things of this world, and the outpouring of an irrepressible love for the beautiful.

The present volume is interesting also as an example of the new autotype (carbon) process, and Messrs. Cundall and Fleming may be well satisfied with the excellent manner in which it is got up. Nothing of the delicacy and beauty of the original drawing is lost by this process, which gives an absolute *fac-simile*; and E. V. B. does not suffer this time in the hands of her publishers, as in "The Story without End," of last year, when the chromo-lithographs gave but a poor idea of the real beauty of her water-colour illustrations.

"The Dream Book," as its name denotes, is a collection of unconnected drawings, each being in itself a dream, well named, as they abound in the archaic, but harmonious, confusion which generally accompanies the visions of the night, when combinations the most opposite seem natural. The first page is devoted to a vision of the great Christmas mystery, accompanied by a Christmas carol. To touch such a subject, not unworthily, is the highest of praise. Then comes an illustration of some verses by Miss Adelaide Procter. It seems to us as if E. V. B., instead of having illustrated the works of others, drew her inspiration from within, and only sought in poetry some helpful explanation of her own ideas—the verses come as an after-thought. The drawings are in themselves most suggestive, and set one "a thinking" in a way the works of few artists do. If the practised hand of the trained student is sometimes wanting, the exquisite fancy and richness of the designs

lead the critic from a too precise observation of the anatomical detail. Each composition offers subject for a little essay, but we can only note one or two. The Satyr kneeling in the garden of life is canopied with grapes, and carpeted with crocuses: he represents youth and life with all the freshness and fulness of nature within his grasp, and he looks out of the picture with a dreamy and indolent sense of enjoyment. The detail of the trees, and fruit, and flowers, in this, as in all the drawings, is exquisite: in none more so than in "The Minstrel," who is pouring out his soul in song, under the shade of trees, among the boughs of which young Cupids sport, and shower down "golden fruit upon his breast." Of a far different tone of feeling is "The Damigella," the lady of death, a dream after Holbein, or some, perhaps, of the older German masters. Vanity has equipped herself in all her bravery, and, to add to her silks and satins, her peacock's feathers and silver bells, she has taken to study a book of science, which she is reading eagerly; while grim Death, in a gorgeous mantle, is fastening her slipper, and has seized her by the foot—

"The perelless maide with the golden hairs."

A mere key in the background repeats the image of Death with grotesque fancy. We could have wished that the folds of the lady's dress had followed the figure somewhat more; but it is a most poetic conception.

The charming little fairy girl, dancing discreetly with the peacock, is excellent; and the landscape is handled with careful love, and reminds us, if we mistake not, of a castle in the north, not unfamiliar to the fair artist. The gem of the book, however, in our estimation, is "Sola;" there is a breadth of feeling about it, and a management of the light and shade which is admirable and truly artistic. Were it not for the trusty hound, which robs the picture of half its melancholy, we should have said that the artist had Tennyson in her mind, but the loving companionship of the dumb creature takes from the dreary picture of the desolate Marianne.

THE ROCKY ISLAND, AND OTHER SIMILITUDES. By SAMUEL WILBERFORCE, D.D., Lord Bishop of Winchester. Published by SEELEY, JACKSON, AND HALLIDAY.

This is a book for the young: as the bishop expresses it, he is but fulfilling the great duty he has undertaken as a missionary of his Master—"Feed my lambs!" The book is a collection of sermon-stories, so to speak, eloquently and touchingly written; the compositions of a Christian scholar, who condescends nothing in ministering to the needs of childhood. The style is perfect English, very little above, and not at all below, the comprehension of those for whom it is specially intended; but, in truth, it may be read with pleasure and profit by age as well as youth—not only for the lessons conveyed, but for its beauty of style. The mind is taught as well as the heart in these charming compositions of a facile and powerful pen. The several chapters are admirably illustrated: it is to be regretted that the publishers do not give the name of the artist, for the engravings are among the best of the season. We may regret that limited space prevents our doing sufficient justice to this very excellent and valuable book, for which readers of all ages may gratefully thank the Lord Bishop of Winchester.

PICTORIAL SCENES FROM THE "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS." Drawn by CLAUDE REYNIER CONDER. Published by HODDER AND STOUGHTON.

This is obviously the production of a young artist—one, however, of much and good promise. Perhaps he has commenced his career too boldly; and he has certainly permitted his admiration of Gustave Doré to absorb original thought. But he has thoroughly entered into the spirit of the immortal dreamer. The "Pilgrim's Progress" has been well described as the "poor man's classic;" no book, except the

Bible, has been so often printed, nor is there any that has received so much homage from Art, from "the earnest and effective limning of the folio of 1692, to that of the German artist, Moritz Retzsch."

Mr. Conder's book contains sixteen illustrations. They are large chromo-lithographs from his drawings; somewhat crude, and occasionally coarse, in style, but vigorous, and sometimes powerful. He has felt his grand theme, and earnestly applied himself to the part of interpreter. The great merit of the work is in the designs: these indicate matured talent, having nothing of the hesitation natural to a young hand. We are justified in auguring a great success to this artist: he has evidently a rich fancy and a strong mind, and effective strength in comprehending and depicting the motive of the author. We doubt if Bunyan has ever been better explained or more worthily depicted than in these sixteen drawings.

A TALE FOR A CHIMNEY CORNER, AND OTHER ESSAYS. By LEIGH HUNT. Edited by EDMUND OLLIER. Published by JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN.

Mr. Ollier has done honour to the memory of his friend in thus collecting into one graceful volume his principal essays—little, if at all, known to the existing generation of readers. We may regret, however, that they are all extracted from the *Indicator*: some other sources, we think, might have yielded better fruit. Mr. Ollier prefaces the volume with a memoir of Leigh Hunt. It is thoroughly well written, gives us a graphic and comprehensive view of the poet, and leaves on the mind of the reader a most agreeable impression of his character.

THE SWALLOWS OF LEIGH FARM. Published by JAMES HOGG & Co.

A pleasanter book for children has rarely been written: birds are made the teachers of many virtues. The style is simple and natural; not above, yet not below, the comprehension of the young. The illustrations are good, and the book is prettily bound. There has been nothing of its class so much to be commended since Mrs. Barbauld's "Pecksey and Dicksey."

LITTLE LASSES AND LADS. With Coloured Illustrations, by OSCAR PLETZSCH. Published by SEELEY, JACKSON, AND HALLIDAY, Fleet Street.

This is a pretty, gay book, of large size, and adorned with the coloured illustrations that children so much love: it is also printed in large type, which is a much greater advantage to our juvenile friends than is often taken into consideration. Two little ones can bend over a page this size, either on lap or table, and point out the lines and syllables with their small, tender fingers, greatly to each other's edification. The book is one of the prettiest and pleasantest of the season's produce. As a specimen of binding and general getting up, it is perhaps the best.

LETTERS EVERYWHERE. Stories and Rhymes for Children. By the Author of "The Dove, and other Stories of Old." With Illustrations by THEOPHILUS SHULER. Published by SEELEY, JACKSON, AND HALLIDAY.

There is abundance of variety, and consequently plenty of amusement for the little ones, in this volume; but it requires some consideration to understand the speciality of the title—every book has "letters everywhere." The frontispiece is an ingenious representation of a number of pretty heads, each of which carries a "letter" on its cap; and a letter is ingeniously made the foundation of each illustration.

The rhymes and tales are exceedingly pleasant; but those who cater for the little ones should be especially watchful over their pen. We do not want scraps, with moral tags to them; but we wish all things for childhood to be preserved from a possibility of misconception. The pretty touching little story of "Dan's

Disgrace" is not free from this danger; for the "disgrace" into which Dan fell is more than compensated for by the sympathy excited by his desire to obtain the grapes for his sick brother. The illustrations are of a high order of merit; they are the productions of a genuine artist, skilfully engraved, evidencing thought as well as knowledge. This year, at all events, English must yield the palm to Foreign artists as illustrators of books.

OUR CHILDREN'S STORY. By one of their Gossips. Published by LONGMANS & Co.

This is one of the most delightful books of the year, both in illustration and literature: lovely to look at; a very pearl for the little ones. The "nicest" books this season are for the small people. Very little has been done for those who are midway between childhood and girlhood. Some of the poems in "Our Children's Story" are worthy of being set to music; indeed, one little treasure of our acquaintance has "crooned" out a melody to the carol, "We were but three poor shepherds." The etchings are full of character, and would be, in all cases, true to the life, if the heads were not quite so large.

THE BUTTERFLY CHASE. Translated from the French of P. J. STAHL. With Twenty-five Illustrations by LORENZ FRÖLICH. Published by SEELEY, JACKSON, AND HALLIDAY.

We wonder if any of our readers ever heard of "The Butterflies' Ball, and the Grasshoppers' Feast?" that was the book of books, in our childhood! Such a delight of a book in its rough gold cover, and illustrations that would have driven M. Frölich out of his senses; but we wish some one would find out the old rhymes said to have had a royal origin, and give them into M. Frölich's charge to illustrate.

It is certain, that while the literature of our children's books is more sound, more to the purpose, than that of the French "story-books," their illustrations are both more natural and far more artistic than those we present to the young public.

But in common justice to M. Stahl, we confess that "The Butterfly Chase" supplies as pretty a morning's entertainment as could be placed before our little readers, combining humanity and amusement; while the illustrations are quite equal to those we so much admired last year from the same masterly pencil.

THE BOY'S HOME-BOOK OF SPORTS, GAMES, AND PURSUITS. Published by LOCKWOOD & Co.

Messrs. Lockwood have enriched this little volume with no fewer than two hundred illustrations, all exhibiting the different sports and pastimes of the rising generation. No more valuable authority could be established in a large family or a country house than this "Home-book": it is a perfect reference, a valuable text-book, and will be in great request wherever it is known.

THE ART OF GARNISHING CHURCHES AT CHRISTMAS AND OTHER FESTIVALS. By EDWARD YOUNG COX. Published by COX AND SON.

A new edition of a work that had our favourable notice on its first appearance about a year ago. Considerable and valuable additions have now been made, consisting, mainly, of coloured illustrations—devices suited to ecclesiastical decorations. Mr. Cox's book goes thoroughly into a subject now one of much controversy; but from this he wisely abstains. It is for those who admire and adopt the practice of floral and other adornments in our churches.

LITTLE MAX. With Fifteen Etchings by RUDOLF GRISLER. Published by SEELEY, JACKSON, AND HALLIDAY.

The story of "Little Max" supplies the groundwork of Rudolf Grissler's etchings; and

these are full of beauty, character, and expression. The tale is as feeble as it can well be: a little German cousin comes to an English home, and the contrast of his ways and the ways of Ruby and Annie, with a few rhymes and childish legends, suffice to fill the very handsome square volume. The engravings deserved a more artistic story; for they are very charming in design, and admirably executed. There is no book of the season better illustrated than this; in truth, the foreign book-designers have this year "taken the conceit out of us."

SUNBEAM STORIES. Published by LOCKWOOD & Co.

It is sufficient to say, that these stories are by the author of "A Trap to catch a Sunbeam," to secure their popularity. Both "Minnie's Love" and "Married and Settled" have been previously published, and are presented in this form as more convenient—twin favourites they may be called, and rightly so, for they cannot fail to meet the favour of all readers, old as well as young. There are few more industrious writers than Mrs. Macarneau, none who write to better purpose, or with more grace and fluency of expression. All the products of her pen are healthy stimulants to virtue.

FRANK OLDFIELD; OR, LOST AND FOUND. A Tale by the Rev. T. P. WILSON, M.A., Rector of Smethcott. Published by NELSON AND SONS; W. TWEEDIE, Strand.

The Committee of the "Band of Hope Union" having offered a prize of £100 for the best temperance story for the young, "Frank Oldfield" was selected from eighty-four tales as entitled to that distinction. A second reward of £50 has been adjudged for the second prize, which is called "Tim Maloney," and is written by Miss M. A. Paul, of Plymouth: we hope it may be equal to "Frank Oldfield," which is a well-conceived and well-developed story, admirably calculated to do good service to a cause that deserves the support of all who desire to see their fellow-creatures delivered from the besetting sin of England—one that is reducing its standard more effectually than could plague, pestilence, and famine combined.

OLD PATHS TO HONOUR AND DISHONOUR. A Story of the Beatitudes. Published by SEELEY, JACKSON, AND HALLIDAY.

Sixteen "coloured prints" linked with "appropriate letter-press" are intended to lead youth into the pleasant paths of charity and peace, and to warn them away from roads that lead to vice and its attendant miseries. Author and artists have well discharged the duty of guides. It is not a tempting book; but it is a sound one, and cannot fail to become a useful teacher in any home.

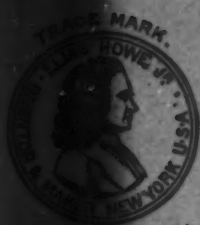
WOMANKIND IN WESTERN EUROPE: from the Earliest Times to the Seventeenth Century. By THOMAS WRIGHT, F.S.A., &c. Published by GROOMBRIDGE AND SONS.

It is impossible this month to do justice to this singularly beautiful and interesting volume: for the present, it must pass among the small fry of the season; but it is entitled to all honour as the most valuable of the many books of its indefatigable and prolific author. It is more than a contribution to literature—it is an aid to history, and may be accepted as one of the most useful publications of the age in which we live. The illustrations are numerous and of much excellence, not only wood-engravings, but chromo-lithographs.

[Although we have this month much exceeded the space we devote to notices of illustrated books, we have to apologise for the postponement of several reviews: indeed, we have "in type" as many as thirty, which must, of necessity, stand over for a time.]



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